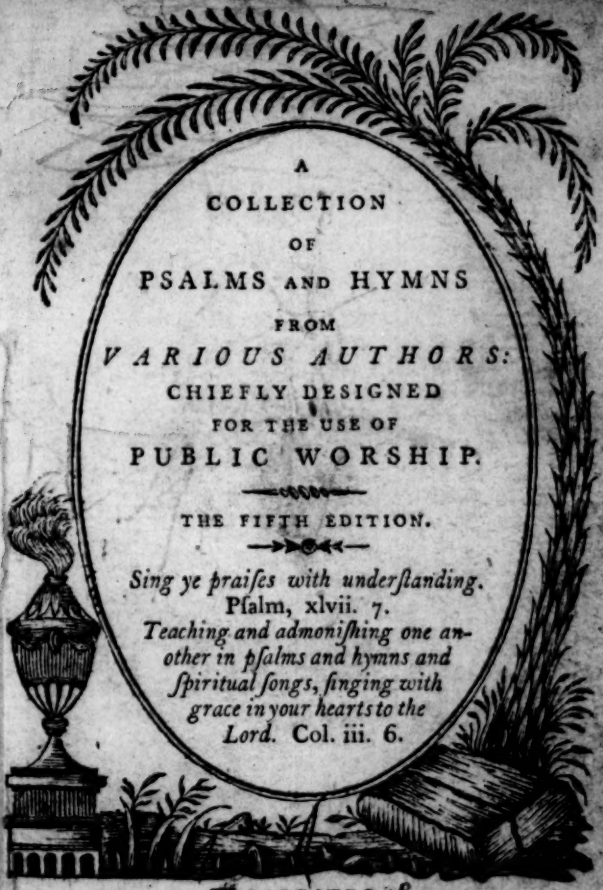


A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS:

CHIEFLY DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

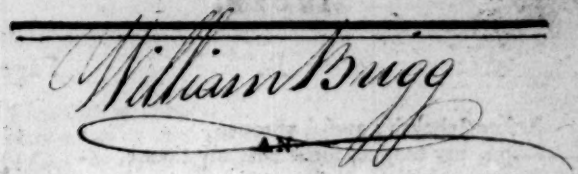
Sing ye praiſes with underſtanding.
Pſalm, xlvii. 7.
Teaching and admoniſhing one another in pſalms and hymns and ſpiritual ſongs, ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 6.

LEICESTER:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. BROWN.

1797.


12
FEB



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A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS and HYMNS.

(Extracted from DR. WATTS's PSALMS.)

PSALM I.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who ſhuns the place,
Where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat:

2 But in the ſtatutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He

3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profeſſion ſhine;
While fruits of holineſs appear
Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not ſo the impious and unjuſt;
What vain deſigns they form!
Their hopes are blown away like duſt,
Or chaff before the ſtorm.

6 Sinners in judgment ſhall not ſtand
Amongſt the ſons of grace,
When CHRIST the Judge at his right-hand
Appoints his ſaints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of ſinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM II.

Chriſt exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.

1 WHY did the nations join to ſlay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they caſt his laws away,
And tread his goſpel down?

2 The Lord, that ſits above the ſkies,
Derides their rage below;
He ſpeaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And ſtrikes their ſpirits through.

3 "I call him my Eternal Son,
"And raiſe him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom ſpread.

4 "Aſk me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmoſt Heathen lands:
"Thy rod of iron ſhall deſtroy
"The rebel that withſtands."

5 Be wiſe, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love addreſs his throne;
For, if he frown, ye die:
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM V.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
My voice aſcending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where CHRIST is gone,
To plead for all his ſaints,
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs;
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtrait,
And plain before my face!

PSALM VIII.

Chriſt's condeſcenſion and glorification; or, *God made man.*

1 O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And ſtars that well adorn the ſky,
Thoſe moving worlds of light,—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with grace,
And love his nature ſo?

4 That thine Eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To ſave a dying worm!

5 Let him be crown'd with Majeſty,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours founded high,
By all things that have breath.

6 JESUS, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let the whole earth proclaim,

PSALM XV.

Religion and Juſtice, Goodneſs and Truth; or, *Duties to God and Man;* or, *the Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe heart is clean,
Whoſe lips ſtill ſpeak the thing they mean;
No ſlanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his face;
And doth to all men ſtill the ſame
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

4 Yet, when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

PSALM

PSALM XVI.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Reſurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is ſtrong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice my tongue,
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope!

2 Tho' in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My ſoul for ever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

3 My fleſh ſhall thy firſt call obey,
Shake off the duſt, and riſe on high:
Then ſhalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the ſky.

4 There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow,
And full diſcov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM XVII.

The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope; or, the Heaven of ſeparate Souls, and the Reſurrection.

1 WHAT ſinners value, I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand compleat in righteouſneſs.

2 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God!
And fleſh and ſin no more control
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

4 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

PSALM XVIII.

Rejoicing in God; or, *Salvation and Triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my ſecure abode:
Who is a God beſide the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy ſword to wield;
And while with ſin and hell I fight,
Spreads his ſalvation for my ſhield.

3 He lives, (and bleſſed be my Rock!)
The God of my ſalvation lives:
The dark deſigns of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before

fore the ſcoffers of the age
will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
t meet reproach, and bear the ſhame.

o DAVID and his royal ſeed
ny grace for ever ſhall extend;
love to ſaints in CHRIST their head
vs not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XIX.

Word moſt excellent; or, *Sincerity and Watchfulneſs.*

For a Lord's-day Morning.

1 BEHOLD the morning ſun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the goſpel comes
It ſpreads diviner light,
It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their ſight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments juſt;
For ever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
And men ſecurely truſt.

4 My

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous mind
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

7 Warn me of ev'ry ſin,
Forgive my ſecret faults,
And cleanſe this guilty ſoul of mine,
Whoſe crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad,
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
JEHOVAH hears when ISRAEL prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of JACOB's God defends
Better than ſhields or brazen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength when ZION calls.

3 Well he remembers all our ſighs;
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his Salvation is our hope;
And in the name of ISRAEL's God
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our navies ſpread their flags abroad.

5 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boaſts;
Our ſureſt expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heav'nly hoſts.

6 Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh fear,
Now let our hope be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

PSALM XXIII.

God our Shepherd.

1 MY ſhepherd will ſupply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name;
In paſtures freſh he makes me feed
Beſide the living ſtream.

2 He brings my wand'ring ſpirit back,
When I forſake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's ſake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the ſhades of death,
Thy preſence is my ſtay;
A word of thy ſupporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand in ſight of all my foes
Doth ſtill my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The ſure proviſions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thy houſe be mine abode,
And all my work be praiſe!

PSALM XXV.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 I LIFT my ſoul to God,
My truſt is in his name;
Let not my foes, that ſeek my blood,
Still triumph in my ſhame.

2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the ſnare,

3 From the firſt dawning light,
Till the dark evening riſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is juſt and kind,
The meek ſhall learn his ways,
And every humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodneſs ſake
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame;
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXVII.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart deſires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God!

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy beauty ſtill;
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles riſe and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide!
God has a ſtrong pavilion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

5 Now ſhall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And ſongs of joy and victory
Within thy temple ſound.

PSALM

PSALM XXXII.

Forgiveneſs of Sins upon Confeſſion.

1 O Bleſſed ſouls are they,
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring wound.
Till I confeſs'd my ſins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let ſinners learn to pray,
Let ſaints keep near the throne:
Our help in times of deep diſtreſs
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXIII.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, juſt, and true.

2 His mercy and his righteouſneſs
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wiſdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches ſpread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining hoſts were made.

4 He ſcorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns;
His counſel ſtands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory ſhines.

5 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy throne,
That we may make thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone!

PSALM XXXIV.

Prayer and Praiſe for eminent Deliverance.

1 I'LL bleſs the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble ſouls that uſe to pray,
Come help my lips to praiſe.

2 O ſinners

2 O ſinners, come and taſte his love,
Come learn his pleaſant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The ſweetneſs of his grace.

3 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.

4 O love the Lord, ye ſaints of his;
His eye regards the juſt;
How richly bleſs'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their truſt!

PSALM XXXVI.

The perfections and Providence of God; or, *General Providence and Special Grace.*

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But ſaints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace;
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings!
The ſons of ADAM in diſtreſs
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

5 From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte.

6 Life like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of my Lord;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXIX.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

1 TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame!
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A ſpan

2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their noiſe is vain.

4 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures, earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recal;
I give my mortal int'reſt up,
And make my God my all.

6 I'm but a ſojourner below
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the ſummons hear!

7 But if my life be ſpar'd awhile,
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM

PSALM XL.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Chriſt.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-off'rings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks ſlain
"My ſoul delights no more."

2 Then ſpake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy ſacred books declare,
"Thy ſervant ſhall fulfil."

3 And ſee, the bleſt Redeemer comes!
Th' Eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time aſſumes
The body God prepares.

4 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pities ſinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a ſacrifice.

PSALM XLV.

The Glory of Chriſt, *and power of his Goſpel.*

1 NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
JESUS the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy ſword,
In majeſty and glory ride
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger like a pointed dart
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. Second Part.

Chriſt *and his Church;* or, *the Myſtical Marriage.*

1 THE king of ſaints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right-hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in pureſt gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dreſs;
Her robe of joy and righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his throne:
Fair ſtranger let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies,
And all thy ſons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

6 Let

6 Let endleſs honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread;
While we with chearful ſongs approve
The condeſcenſions of his love.

PSALM XLVII.

Chriſt Aſcending and Reigning.

1 O For a ſhout of ſacred joy,
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

2 JESUS our God aſcends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him riſing thro' the ſky,
With trumpets joyful ſound.

3 While angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains:
Let all the earth his honours ſing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

5 In ISRAEL ſtood his antient throne,
He lov'd that choſen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And HEATHENS taſte his grace.

6 The Britiſh Iſlands are the Lord's,
There ABRAHAM'S God is known,
While pow'rs and princes, ſhields and ſwords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII.

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praiſe be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His moſt delightful ſeat.

2 Theſe temples of his grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In ZION God is known
A refuge in diſtreſs;
How bright has his ſalvation ſhone
Thro' all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often ſeen,

How

How well our God ſecures the fold,
Where his own ſheep have been.

5 In ev'ry new diſtreſs
We'll to his houſe repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And ſeek deliv'rance there.

6 The God we worſhip now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the ſky.

PSALM LI.

Original and actual Sin confeſs'd.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in ſin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my ſpirit pure and true:
O make me wiſe betimes, to ſpy
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leproſy lies deep within.

5 JESUS, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r ſufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as ſnow:
No other thing can cleanſe me ſo.

6 O let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my troubled ſoul rejoice!
Then all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

PSALM LVII.

Praiſe for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I ſend my cry;
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angel from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;

Thy

Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake my tongue, to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LX.

On a Day of Humiliation for Diſappointments in War.

1 LORD, haſt thou caſt the nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 GREAT BRITAIN ſhakes beneath thy ſtroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;
O heal the iſland Thou haſt broke,
Confirm the wav'ring land.

3 Lift up a banner in the field
For thoſe that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

4 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God:
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Againſt thy lifted rod.

5 Our troops ſhall gain a wide renown
By thine aſſiſting hand:
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble ſtand.

PSALM LXIII.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haſte to ſee thy face;
My thirſty ſpirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the ſcorching ſand,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy glory and thy pow'r
Thro' all thy temple ſhine;

My

My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That viſion ſo divine.

4 Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well,
As when thy richer grace I taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

5 Not life itſelf, with all her joys,
Can my beſt paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my chearful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my laſt expiring day
I'll bleſs my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to ſing.

PSALM LXV.

Public Prayer and Praiſe.

1 THE praiſe of SION waits for Thee,
My God; and praiſe becomes thy houſe;
There ſhall thy ſaints thy glory ſee,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O Thou, whoſe mercy bends the ſkies
To ſave when humble ſinners pray;
All lands to thee ſhall lift their eyes,
And iſlands of the NORTHERN ſea.

3 Againſt my will my ſins prevail,
But grace ſhall purge away their ſtain;
The blood of Chriſt will never fail
To waſh my garments white again.

4 Bleſt is the man whom thou ſhalt chuſe,
And give him free acceſs to thee;
Give him a place within thy houſe,
To taſte thy love divinely free.

PSALM LXVI.

Governing Power and Goodneſs; or, Our Grace tried by Afflictions.

1 SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noiſe;
With melody of ſound record
His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the Pow'r that ſhakes the ſky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy preſence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 He rules by his reſiſtleſs might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

4 O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe!
Ye ſaints, fulfil his praiſe;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

5 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring ſouls,
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

6 Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place,
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVII.

The Nation's Proſperity, and the Church's Increaſe.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on BRITAIN ſhine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling face.

2 When ſhall thy name from ſhore to ſhore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And diſtant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn voice!
While BRITISH tongues exalt his praiſe,
And BRITISH hearts rejoice.

4 He the great Lord, the ſov'reign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the worlds he made
In juſtice and in love.

5 Earth ſhall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increaſe:
Our God will crown his choſen iſle
With fruitfulneſs and peace.

6 God the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt favours here,
While the creation's utmoſt bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion, and the Gift of the Spirit.

1. LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Thoſe heav'nly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not SINAI's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXXI.

Chriſt our Strength and Righteouſneſs.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore!
Send down thy grace, O bleſſed Lord,
That I may love thee more!

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road,
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee my Father-God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My ſoul redeem'd from ſin and hell
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

5 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful ſong
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.

PSALM LXXII.

Chriſt's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS ſhall reign where-e'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journies run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

2 For him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;

His

His name like ſweet perfume ſhall riſe
With every morning ſacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong:
And infant-voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

4 Bleſſings abound where-e'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loſe his chains;
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

5 Where He diſplays his healing pow'r,
Death and the Curſe are known no more;
In him the tribes of ADAM boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

6 Let every creature riſe and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

PSALM LXXIII.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

1 THY counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my feet
Thro' this dark wilderneſs;
Thine hand conduct me near thy ſeat,
To dwell before thy face.

2 Were

2 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilſt this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

3 What if the ſprings of life were broke,
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint?
God is my ſoul's eternal rock,
The ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

4 Behold the ſinners that remove
Far from thy preſence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry.

5 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My tongue ſhall ſound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXXIV.

The Pleaſure of Public Worſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hoſts, thy dwellings are!
With long deſire my ſpirit faints
To meet th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints.

2 Bleſt are the ſaints who ſit on high
Around thy throne of majeſty:

Thy

Thy brighteſt glories ſhine above,
And all their work is praiſe and love.

3 Bleſt are the ſouls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And ſeek thy face, and learn thy praiſe.

4 Bleſt are the men, whoſe hearts are ſet
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their ſtrength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Chearful they walk with growing ſtrength,
'Till all ſhall meet in heav'n at length,
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

THE SAME.

Longing for the Houſe of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aſpires,
With warm deſires
To ſee my God.

2 O happy ſouls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe Thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To ZION's hill!

3 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious ſeat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

4 To ſpend one ſacred day,
Where God and ſaints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide:
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than ſhine in courts.

5 God is our ſun and ſhield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our bleſſings thence;
He ſhall beſtow
On JACOB's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

6 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good with-holds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in Thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

Salvation by Chriſt.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord;
And grace deſcending from on high
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from heav'n;
By his obedience ſo compleat
Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now

3 Now truth and honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to God;
Our wand'ring feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXIX.

The Power, Grace, and Faithfulneſs of God.

1 WITH rev'rence let the ſaints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies ſhine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with Thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 Juſtice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace:
While truth and mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy face.

4 My never-ceaſing ſong ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord;

And

And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

5 The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if He ſpeak a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

6 Lord God of Hoſts, thy wondrous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above;
And ſaints on earth their honours raiſe
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX.

A Bleſſed Goſpel.

1 BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor SATAN dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives:
ISRAEL, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM

PSALM XCII.

A Pſalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks, and ſing;
Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt;
No mortal cares ſhall ſeize my breaſt.

2 My heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word:
Thy works of Grace, how bright they ſhine,
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

3 Lord, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be ſeen,
Like a young Cedar freſh and green.

4 There grow thy ſaints in faith and love,
Bleſt with thine influence from above;
Not LEBANON with all its trees,
Yields ſuch a comely ſight as theſe.

5 The plants of Grace ſhall ever live;
(Nature decays, but Grace muſt thrive)
Time that doth all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

6 Laden

6 Laden with fruits of age they ſhew
The Lord is holy, juſt, and true;
None that attend his gates ſhall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCV.

A Pſalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord JEHOVAH'S name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful ſight,
And pſalms of honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble ſouls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath, and ſwear,
"*Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt*".

PSALM XCV.

A Pſalm before Sermon.

1 COME, let our voices join to raiſe
A ſacred ſong of ſolemn praiſe:
God is our ſov'reign King; rehearſe
His honour in exalted verſe.

2 Come, let our ſouls addreſs the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word:
He is our Shepherd; we the ſheep
His mercy choſe, his paſtures keep.

3 Come let us hear his voice to-day,
The counſels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The ſins and plagues which ISR'EL knew:

4 Look back, my ſoul, with holy dread,
And view thoſe ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor loſe the bleſſing by delay.

5 Sieze the kind promiſe while it waits,
And march to ZION's heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd reſt;
Obey, and be for ever bleſt.

PSALM

PSALM XCVI.

Chriſt's *firſt and ſecond coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-diſcover'd grace demands
A new and nobler ſong.

2 Say to the nations, JESUS reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His pow'r the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne.

3 Behold he comes! he comes to bleſs
The nations as their God;
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.

4 But when his voice ſhall raiſe the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To ſee their Judge appear!

PSALM XCVIII.

Praiſe for the Goſpel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addreſt;
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the word to ABRAHAM firſt,
His truth fulfils the grace:
The GENTILES make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs.

4 Joy to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

5 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX.

Chriſt's *Kingdom and Majeſty.*

1 THE God JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations fear:
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

2 JESUS the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;

Bright

Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In ZION is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His Church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM C.

Praiſe to our Creator.

1 BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CIII.

Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to Soul and Body.

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe:
Why ſhould the wonders, he hath wrought,
Be loſt in ſilence, and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for ſins which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He ſatisfies our ſoul with good,
And fills our mouth with heav'nly food.

5 Let

5 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
May all our pow'rs within us join
In work and worſhip ſo divine!

PSALM CVI.

Praiſe to God; or, *Communion with Saints.*

1 TO God the great, the ever bleſt,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſt;
His mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe;
Bleſt are the ſouls that fear Thee ſtill,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For JACOB's race, thy choſen ſeed;
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy ſaints, and near to Thee.

PSALM CVII.

Iſrael *led to* Canaan, *and Chriſtians to Heaven.*

1 GIVE thanks to God: He reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love:
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
ISR'EL, the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.

3 In their diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide,
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to CANAAN's ground.

4 Thus when our firſt releaſe we gain
From Sin's old yoke and SATAN's chain,
We have this deſert world to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome place.

5 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footſteps leſt we ſtray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

6 O let the ſaints with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

PSALM CIX.

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Chriſt.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praiſe,
Thy glory is my ſong;
Tho' ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
With a blaſpheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders, falſe and vain,
They compaſs'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compaſſion move,
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
And bleſt his foes in death.

5 Lord, ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before my eyes?

Give

Give me a ſoul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies.

6 The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage,
Who ſlander and condemn.

PSALM CX.

Chriſt's *Kingdom and Prieſthood.*

1 JESUS, our Lord, aſcend thy throne,
And near thy Father ſit;
In ZION ſhall thy pow'r be known.
And make thy foes ſubmit.

2 What wonders ſhall thy Goſpel do!
Thy converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy ſov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
"When AARON is no more.

4 "MELCHISEDECK, that wondrous prieſt,
"That King of high degree,
"That holy man who ABRAHAM bleſt,
"Was but a type of Thee."

5 JESUS

5 JESUS our Prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above;
JESUS our King for ever gives
The bleſſings of his love.

6 God ſhall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne mantain,
Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

PSALM CXIII.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

1 YE ſervants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praiſes ſing;
Where-e'er the ſun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The nations ſhall his praiſe repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stands his high throne of majeſty:
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r reſtrains,
Nor bound his univerſal reign.

3 Which of the Sons of ADAM dare
Or Angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love: he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above and angels do;

And

And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From duſt and cottages obſcure
His grace exalts the humble poor:
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

PSALM CXVI.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church: or, *public thanks for private deliverance.*

1 WHAT ſhall I render to my God,
For all his kindneſs ſhown?
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2 Among the ſaints that fill thine houſe
My off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows,
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee. /

5 Now

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVIII.

Chriſt *the Foundation of his Church.*

1 BEHOLD the ſure Foundation-ſtone,
Which God in ZION lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe.

2 Choſen of God, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore the name,
They truſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame.

3 The fooliſh builders, ſcribe, and prieſt,
Reject it with diſdain;
Yet on this rock the Church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withſtood?
Yet muſt this building riſe:

'Tis

'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

THE SAME.

Hoſanna; *the Lord's Day;* or, *Chriſt's Reſurrection, and our Salvation.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To day He roſe, and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To day the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 HOSANNA to th' anointed King,
To DAVID's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bleſt be the Lord, who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 HOSANNA in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;

The

The higheſt heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

Breathing after Holineſs.

1 O That the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt deſign,
Nor covetous deſire ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

4 Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear.

5 My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlip;

Yet

Yet ſince I've not forgot thy way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring ſheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands:
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my God.

PSALM CXXII.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly ſay,
"*In* Zion *let us all appear,*
"*And keep the ſolemn day!*"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To ſhew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joy unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of DAVID holds his throne,
And ſits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praiſes and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the ſinners from the ſaints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace

5 Peace be within this ſacred place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bleſt!

6 My ſoul ſhall pray for ZION ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
There my beſt friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXX.

Pardoning Grace.

1 GREAT God, ſhould thy ſeverer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal fleſh could ſtand.

2 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to Thee.

3 I wait for thy ſalvation, Lord,
With ſtrong deſires I wait,
My ſoul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

4 Juſt as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning-ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

5 So waits my ſoul to ſee thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

6 Then in the Lord let ISRAEL truſt,
Let ISRAEL ſeek his face;
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous in his grace.

7 There's full redemption at his throne
For ſinners long enſlav'd;
The Great Redeemer is his Son:
And ISRAEL ſhall be ſav'd.

PSALM CXXXII.

The Preſence of Chriſt in the Church.

1 ARISE, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes;
Now be it own'd, and bleſt.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no ſuch grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here

4 Here let the Son of DAVID reign,
Let God's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

5 Here let him hold a laſting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
And ſhame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Praiſe to God for Creation, Providence, and Grace.

1 GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſov'reign King of Kings;
And be his Grace ador'd:
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs praiſe.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

3 His wiſdom fram'd the ſun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling ſtars
To cheer the darkſome night.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs praiſe.

4 He ſaw the nations lie
All periſhing in ſin,
And pity'd the ſad ſtate
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

5 He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our woe,
From SATAN, ſin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs praiſe.

6 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King:

And

And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Reſtoring and preſerving Grace.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong:
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhew.

3 To God I cry'd when troubles roſe;
He heard me and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears controul,
And ſtrength diffus'd thro' all my ſoul.

4 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will compleat what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows, or from ſins:
The work that Wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXLIV.

Aſſiſtance and Victory in the ſpiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my ſhield;
He ſends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When ſin and hell their force unite,
He makes my ſoul his care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

3 A friend and helper ſo divine
Does my weak courage raiſe:
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his ſhall be the praiſe.

PSALM CXLV.

The Goodneſs of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2 God

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
To cheer the ſouls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim;
But ſaints, that taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

PSALM CL.

A Song of Praiſe.

1 IN God's own houſe pronouce his praiſe,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raiſe,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his deeds;

But the great work of ſaving love
Your higheſt praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
Then may I praiſe him beſt.

Extracted from Dr. WATTS's HYMNS.

HYMN I.

The Nativity of Chriſt, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
MARY the wond'rous virgin bears;
And Jeſus is the child.

2 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

3 *Go,*

3 *Go, humble ſwains,* ſaid he,
To David's *city fly;*
The promis'd Infant, born to day,
Doth in a manger lie.

4 *With looks and hearts ſerene,*
Go viſit Chriſt *your* King;
And ſtrait a flaming troop was ſeen;
The ſhepherds heard them ſing,

5 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!

6 In worſhip ſo divine
Let ſaints employ their tongues;
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs;

7 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!

HYMN II.

Submiſſion to afflictive Providences, Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions, then,
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the juſtice too,
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN III.

Triumph over Death, Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1 GREAT God, I own thy ſentence juſt,
And nature muſt decay;
I yield my body to the duſt,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My JESUS, my Redeemer lives,
My God, My Saviour comes.

3 The Mighty Conqu'ror ſhall appear
High on a royal ſeat,
And death, the laſt of all his foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my ſkin,
And gnaw my waſting fleſh,
When God ſhall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afreſh.

5 Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely face
With ſtrong immortal eyes,
And feaſt upon thy unknown grace,
With pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

HYMN IV.

The Invitation of the Goſpel, Iſa. lv. 1, 2, 3.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirſt,
With ſprings that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear

6 Dear God! the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins!

7 The happy gates of goſpel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN V.

The Safety and Protection of the Church,
Iſa. xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring ſtand,
ZION, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of ſtrong ſalvation made,
Defy th' aſſaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter ye nations, that obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4 Here

4 Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known JEHOVAH's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears;
Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH dwells,
Eternal as his years.

HYMN VI.

The Bleſſedneſs of Goſpel Times, Iſa. lii. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Mat. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on ZION's hill,
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
"ZION, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought but never found!

4 How

4 How bleſſed are our eyes,
That ſee this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
JERUSALEM breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN VII.

Hoſanna *to Chriſt*, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the Royal Son
Of DAVID's ancient line!
His natures two, his perſon one,
Myſterious and divine.

2 The root of DAVID here, we find,
And offspring is the ſame;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our IMMANUEL's name.

3 Bleſs'd

3 Bleſs'd He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
HOSANNAS of the higheſt ſtrain
To CHRIST the Lord be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' HOSANNA on their tongues,
Leſt rocks and ſtones ſhould riſe, and break
Their ſilence into ſongs.

HYMN VIII.

Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O For an overcoming faith
To chear my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monſter's ſting?

3 If ſin be pardon'd I'm ſecure,
Death has no ſting beſide;
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r;
But CHRIST, my ranſom, dy'd.

4 Now

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through CHRIST our living head.

HYMN IX.

Hope of Heaven by the Reſurrection of Chriſt,
1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die.

3 What tho' our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his foll'wers muſt.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
'Till their ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here,
'Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

HYMN X.

Strength from Heaven, Iſa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHence do our mournful thoughts ariſe?
And where's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name,
That form'd the earth and ſea?
And can an All-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treaſures of everlaſting might
In our JEHOVAH dwell;
He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r ſhall fade and die,
And youthful vigour ceaſe;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our ſtrength increaſe.

5 The

5 The ſaints ſhall mount on eagles wings,
And taſte the promis'd bliſs,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleaſure is.

HYMN XI.

The Chriſtian Race, Iſa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 AWAKE our ſouls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint:

3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
Whilſt ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

HYMN XII.

Light and Salvation by Jeſus Chriſt. *Luke* i. 68, &c.

1 NOW be the God of ISRAEL bleſs'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he ſware.

2 Now he bedews old DAVID'S root
With bleſſings from the ſkies;
He makes the branch of promiſe grow,
The promis'd horn ariſe.

3 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud muſt ſtoop, and humble ſouls
"Shall his ſalvation know.

4 "The HEATHEN realms, with ISRAEL'S
"land,
"Shall join in ſweet accord;
"And all that's born of man ſhall ſee
"The glory of the Lord.

5 "Behold

5 " Behold the Morning-Star ariſe,
" Ye that in darkneſs ſit;
" He marks the path that leads to peace,
" And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN XIII.

Perſevering Grace, Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies,
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of Majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

HYMN

HYMN XIV.

Chriſt our High-Prieſt and King and Judge.
Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To JESUS, our atoning Prieſt,
To JESUS, our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſs'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once;
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the day:
Come, Lord: nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN

HYMN XV.

Chriſt Jeſus, the Lamb of God, worſhipped by all the Creation, Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1 COME, let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 *Worthy the Lamb that dy'd*, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

6 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue!

HYMN XVI.

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD, what wond'rous Grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them Sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our head.

3 A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To reſt upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
My faith ſhall ABBA Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN XVII.

Youth and Judgment, Eccleſ. xi. 9.

1 YE ſons of ADAM, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire.

2 Purſue the pleaſures you deſign,
And chear your hearts with ſongs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your ſecret faults;
The works of darkneſs you have done,
Muſt all appear before the ſun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should ſtrike your hearts with terror thro':
How will you ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their ſouls to fear the Lord.

HYMN XVIII.

Juſtification by faith, not by works, Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let JEW and GENTILE ſtop their mouths
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of ADAM ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 JESUS, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we truſt,
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

HYMN XIX.

Chriſt *our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs. &c.*
1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in ſhadows of the night,
We lie, till CHRIST reſtores the light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

2 Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

3 Our very frame is mix'd with ſin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his ſuff'rings flow,
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

4 JESUS beholds where SATAN reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains:
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r, and righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN XX.

Death and immediate Glory, 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

1 THERE is a houſe, not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
'Till God ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall.
Then, O my ſoul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by his Almighty Grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And as an earneſt of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

HYMN

HYMN XXI.

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.

1 LORD, we confeſs our num'rous faults;
How great our guilt has been!
Fooliſh and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were ſin.

2 But, O my ſoul, for ever praiſe,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, ſin, and ſhame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteouſneſs,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace,
Abounding thro' his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our ſouls are waſh'd from ſin.

5 'Tis through the purchaſe of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew:
And juſtify'd by Grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
And ſee our Father's face.

HYMN XXII.

Abraham's *Bleſſing on the* Gentiles,
Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promiſe! how divine,
To ABR'AM, and his ſeed!
"*I'll be a God to thee and thine,*
"*Supplying all their need.*"

2 The words of his extenſive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And ſeals the bleſſing ſure.

3 JESUS the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Then let the children of the ſaints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And waſh them in thy blood.

5 Thus

5 Thus to the parents and their ſeed
Shall thy ſalvation come,
And num'rous houſholds meet at laſt,
In one eternal home.

HYMN XXIII.

Chriſt's *Compaſſion to the Weak and Tempted*,
Heb. iv. 16. *and* v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The Great Redeemer ſtood,
While SATAN's fi'ry darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 He'll

5 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN XXIV.

The Love of Chriſt *ſhed abroad in the Heart,*
Eph. iii. 16. &c.

1 COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt:
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and [length,
Of thine unmeaſurable Grace.

3 Now to the God, whoſe pow'r can do,
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his Son.

HYMN

HYMN XXV.

Hope in the Covenant: or, *God's Promiſe and Truth unchangeable,* Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have ſin and ſatan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee my God!
But everlaſting is thy love,
And JESUS ſeals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promiſe of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal Pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endleſs praiſe.

3 Amidſt temptations ſharp and long
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and ſtrong,
While tempeſts blow, and billows riſe.

4 The goſpel bears my ſpirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood.

HYMN XXVI.

A Living and a Dead Faith.

1 MIſtaken ſouls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys, and ſins forgiv'n,
While they are ſlaves to luſt!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To CHRIST the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celeſtial pow'r;
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

5 Faith muſt obey her Father's will,
As well as truſt his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill
For his own holineſs.

6 When

6 When from the curſe he ſets us free,
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
The miniſter of ſin.

HYMN XXVII.

The Witneſſing and Sealing Spirit, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial dove,
Will ſafe convey me home.

HYMN

HYMN XXVIII.

The Offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee!

3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name!
By thee the joyful news
Of our Salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;

My

My guilty ſoul ſhall ſeek
No ſacrifice beſide:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 Thou, dear Almighty Lord!
Our Conqu'ror, and our King!
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing:
Thine is the pow'r—O may we ſit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

HYMN XXIX.

The Same.

1 ARRAY'D in mortal fleſh,
Lo, the great Angel ſtands!
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

2 Be thou our Counſellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide;
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep us near thy ſide.
O let our feet ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek the crooked way!

3 We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whoſe watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring ſouls among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His boſom bears the tender lambs.

4 Our Advocate appears
For our defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Thro' him our pray'rs acceptance gain,
Thro' him we hope in Heav'n to reign.

5 Then let our ſouls ariſe,
And tread the Tempter down;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conqueſt and a crown:
March on! nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obſtruct the way.

HYMN XXX.

The Death aud Burial of a Saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or ſhake at Death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that JESUS ſends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of JESUS lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN XXXI.

Godly Sorrow, arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for sins that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN

HYMN XXXII.

The Lord's Day; or, *Delight in Ordinances.*

1 WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to day;
Here may we meet, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

3 One day amidſt the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And gladly ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

HYMN XXXIII.

The Enjoyment of Chriſt: or, *Delight in Worſhip.*

1 FAR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let our religious hours alone;
May we by faith the Saviour ſee!
We wait a viſit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure deſire!
Come, deareſt Saviour, from above,
And feed our ſouls with heav'nly love!

3 Bleſs'd JESUS, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

4 Hail, Great IMMANUEL, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
That eyes have ſeen, or angels known.

5 Send comforts down from thy right-hand,
While we paſs thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.

HYMN XXXIV.

With God is Terrible Majesty.

1 TErrible God, that reign'ſt on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fi'ry bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withſtand.

2 This SODOM felt, and feels it ſtill,
And groans beneath th' eternal load:
With endleſs burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God?

3 Tremble, ye ſinners, and ſubmit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hand ſhall cruſh you down.

HYMN XXXV.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne.

2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from this place!
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
That never knew our God,
But children of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of ZION yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

6 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through IMMANUEL'S ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN XXXVI.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit: or, *Fervency of Devotion desired.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
HOSANNAS languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVII.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2 Knowledge alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,
That fills the choirs above,
Then ſhall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVIII.

Chriſt's *Sufferings and Glory.*

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe,
To great Jehovah's equal ſon!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love.

3 Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay:
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace;
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face!

5 Amongſt a thouſand harps and ſongs
JESUS the God exalted reigns;
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XXXIX.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too;
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys, and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe,
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN

HYMN XL.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no ſupply,
No chearing fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy!

2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord, we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command!

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upwards ſtill;
Forget theſe troubles of the ways,
And reach at ZION's hill.

4 See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There JESUS, the forerunner, waits,
To welcome trav'llers home!

5 Eternal glories to the King,
That brought us ſafely through;
Our tongues ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
And endleſs praiſe renew.

HYMN XLI.

God's Preſence is Light in Darkneſs.

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkeſt ſhades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my ſoul's ſweet morning ſtar,
And he my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
While JESUS ſhews his heart is mine,
And whiſpers, *I am his.*

4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
To meet and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN XLII.

Frail Life and ſucceeding Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.

3 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things;
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

5 Infinite joy or endleſs woe
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken,

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our ſouls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN XLIII.

A Funeral Thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful ſound!
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
"Muſt lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

HYMN

HYMN XLIV.

God the Glory and the Defence of Zion.

1 HAPPY the Church, thou ſacred place,
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace:
Thy holy courts are his abode;
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain deſigns engage,
Againſt his throne in vain they rage,
Like riſing waves with angry roar,
That daſh and die upon the ſhore.

4 Then let our ſouls in ZION dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our ſhield, and God our ſun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe.

HYMN XLV.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at SATAN's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

HYMN XLVI.

The Faithfulneſs of God in the Promiſes.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our Eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim *Salvation from the Lord*
For wretched dying men;
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen,

4 Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs 'raſe
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

5 His very word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice that rolls the ſtars along
Speaks all the Promiſes.

6 Oh,

6 Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whiſper, *Thou art mine!*
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong
To notes almoſt divine.

HYMN XLVII.

The Lord's Day: or, *The Reſurrection of* Chriſt.

1 BLeſs'd morning, whoſe young dawning rays
Beheld our riſing God;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the Grave unite their force
To hold our God, in vain;
'The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
Theſe ſacred hours we pay,
And loud HOSANNAS ſhall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation

5 Salvation and immortal praiſe
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and ſeas,
With glad HOSANNAS ring!

HYMN XLVIII.

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our IMMANUEL roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters bleſſings down;
Our JESUS fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne.

5 Raiſe

5 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our IMMANUEL'S praiſe.

HYMN XLIX.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

1 STAND up, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel-armour on;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy Great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy JESUS nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.

3 What though the Prince of Darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fi'ry deeps, and endleſs night.

4 What

4 What tho' thine inward luſts rebel,
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins, and end the ſtrife.

5 Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for Conqu'rors wait.

6 There may I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace,
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe!

HYMN L.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 PLung'd in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5 Angels aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN LI.

The Divine Glories above our Reaſon.

1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Muſt our Creator be,
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
Of vaſt infinity!

2 Our ſoaring ſpirits upwards riſe
Tow'rd the celeſtial throne:
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed Three,
And the Almighty One.

3 Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings,
And climbs above the ſkies;

But

But ſtill how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'lling reaſon lies;

4 Lord, here we bend our humble ſouls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can ſtretch a thought no more.

5 Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt Seraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs,
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.

HYMN LII.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears:
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we ariſe by Grace divine,
To ſee a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praiſe belongs:
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN LIII.

Faith in Chriſt *for Pardon and Sanctification.*

1 HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin, how deep it ſtains!
And SATAN binds our captive minds
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

2 But there's a voice of Sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the ſacred word;
Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners come,
And truſt upon the Lord.

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promiſe, Lord;
O help our unbelief!

4 To

4 To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly!
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls
From ſins of deepeſt dye!

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning ſins ſubdue:
Drive the old dragon from his ſeat,
And form our ſouls anew.

6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs worms,
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Our JESUS and our all!

HYMN LIV.

God our only Happineſs, Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my ſafety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me!

5 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own;
Without thy Graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore,
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN LV.

Diſtinguiſhing Love: or, *Angels puniſhed, and Man ſaved.*

1 DOWN headlong from the native ſkies
The rebel-angels fell,
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Purſu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down

2 Down from the top of earthly bliſs
Rebellious man was hurl'd,
And JESUS ſtoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a ſinking world.

3 Oh, love of infinite degree!
Unmeaſurable Grace!
Muſt heav'ns eternal darling die,
To ſave a trait'rous race?

4 Muſt angels ſink for ever down,
And burn in quenchleſs fire;
While God forſakes his ſhining throne,
To raiſe us wretches higher?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and ſkies
With HALLELUJAHS ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All HALLELUJAHS ſing.

HYMN LVI.

Chriſt's *Commiſſion*, John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy ſouls, approach your God
With new melodious ſongs;
Come, tender to Almighty Grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear JESUS, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commiſſion to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne,
When CHRIST on the kind errand came,
And brought ſalvation down.

5 Here, ſinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you ſhall never die.

6 See, deareſt Lord, our willing ſouls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bleſs the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praiſe.

HYMN LVII.

Repentance at the Croſs.

1 OH, if my ſoul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my ſoul, for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate thoſe luſts of mine,
That crucify'd my God,
Thoſe that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die,
My heart has ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

HYMN LVIII.

Acceſs to the Throne of Grace, by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a ſeat of dreadful wrath
And ſhot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd *conſuming fire*,
And Vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of JESU's blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That ſprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fi'ry cherub guards his ſeat,
Nor double-flaming ſword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliſs
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raiſe our notes of praiſe,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

6 To

6 To thee ten thouſand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' Eternal King,
That lays his anger by.

HYMN LIX.

The Offices of Chriſt.

1 WE bleſs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
JESUS, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin,
By his almighty hands.

4 HOSANNA to his glorious Name,
Who ſaves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

HYMN

HYMN LX.

The Power of the Goſpel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
JEHOVAH here reſolves to ſhew,
What his Almighty Grace can do.

2 This remedy did Wiſdom find,
To heal diſeaſes of the mind;
This ſov'reign balm, whoſe virtues can
Reſtore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The Goſpel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afreſh,
And hearts of ſtone are turn'd to fleſh.

4 Lions and beaſts of ſavage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world eſteems it ſtrange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

5 May but this Grace my ſoul renew,
Let ſinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that ſaves me does engage
A ſure defence from all their rage.

HYMN LXI.

Faith in Chriſt *our Sacrifice.*

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts,
On JEWISH altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2 But CHRIST, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with chearful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

HYMN LXII.

Fleſh and Spirit.

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While ſin and SATAN reign:
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For Grace prevails again.

3 So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light,
Till perfect day ariſe!
Water and fire mantain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the fleſh and ſpirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin for ever ceaſe.

HYMN LXIII.

An unconverted State: or *Converting Grace.*

1 GREAT King of Glory and of Grace!
We own, with humble ſhame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our firſt father's name.

2 We live eſtrang'd afar from God,
And love the diſtance well;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road,
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd?
Such natures made divine!
Let ſinners ſee thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

4 We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends,
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN LXIV.

Unfruitfulneſs under the Means of Grace.

1 LONG have we ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, Lord;
But ſtill how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
And hear almoſt in vain:
How ſmall a portion of thy Grace
Do our falſe hearts retain!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy ſov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation on our heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

5 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.

HYMN

HYMN LXV.

Chriſt's *dying Love.*

For the Lord's Supper.

1 HOW condeſcending, and how kind,
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew,
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is ſtill as great:
Well he remembers CALVARY
Nor let his ſaints forget.

4 Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of JESUS' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One ſoft affection move.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN LXVI.

Chriſt *the Bread of Life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.
For the Lord's Supper.

1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our ſouls hath fed;
Thou art our living ſtream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 The MANNA came from lower ſkies,
But JESUS from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The JEWS, the fathers, dy'd at laſt,
Who eat that heav'nly bread;
But theſe proviſions, which we taſte,
Can raiſe us from the dead.

4 Bleſs'd be the Lord, that gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men;
And often ſpreads his table freſh,
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

5 Our ſouls ſhall draw their heav'nly breath,
While JESUS finds ſupplies;
Nor ſhall our graces ſink to death,
For JESUS never dies.

6 Daily

6 Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
But CHRIST our life ſhall come;
And his almighty pow'r ſhall raiſe
Our bodies from the tomb.

HYMN LXVII.

Crucifixion to the World by the Croſs of Chriſt, Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous Croſs,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of CHRIST my God:
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

HYMN LXVIII.

Pardon brought to our Senſes.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where JESUS ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming Grace!

2 *Here* (ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhews his wounded ſide,)
See here the ſpring of all your joys,
That open'd when I dy'd.

3 He ſmiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
All this, ſays he, *I bore for thee,*
And then he ſmiles again.

4 What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.

5 Let ſuch amazing loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

6 To

6 To him that waſh'd us in his blood
Be everlaſting praiſe,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

HYMN LXIX.

Divine Love making a Feaſt, and calling in the Gueſts, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW ſweet and awful is the place,
With CHRIST within the doors,
While everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

2 Here all the bowels of our God
With ſoft compaſſion move;
See peace and pardon bought with blood,
The fruit of JESUS' love.

3 While all our hearts and all our ſongs
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a gueſt?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room;
"When thouſands make a wretched choice,
"And rather ſtarve than come?"

5 'Twas

5 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt
That ſweetly forc'd us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Conſtrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the ſtrangers home.

7 We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May with one voice, and heart, and ſoul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

HYMN LXX.

The Agonies of Chriſt.
For the Lord's Supper.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our ſuff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hopes, He dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 Grace,

3 Grace, wiſdom, juſtice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

4 Our hymns ſhould ſound like thoſe above,
Could we our voices raiſe;
Yet, Lord, our hearts ſhall all be love,
And all our lives be praiſe.

HYMN LXXI.

The Proviſions for the Table of our Lord.

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And ſing the ſolemn feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial dainties ſtand
For every willing gueſt,

2 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleaſure's well refin'd;
They ſpread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And chear the drooping mind.

3 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye ſaints that taſte his wine:
Join with your kindred ſaints above,
In loud HOSANNAS join.

4 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
HOSANNA! let it sound abroad,
And reach where JESUS is.

HYMN LXXII.

A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worſhip give,
Whoſe new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live:
His work compleats
The great deſign,
And fills the ſoul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endleſs honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One!
Where reaſon fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

Extracted from Dr. WATTS's HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HYMN LXXIII.

God Glorious, and Sinners ſaved.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines,
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 But when we view thy vaſt deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms;

4 Our thoughts are loſt in rev'rend awe;
We love and we adore;
The firſt Arch-Angel never ſaw
So much of God before.

5 Here

5 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The Juſtice or the Grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains:
Bright cherubs learn IMMANUEL'S name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

7 O, may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN LXXIV.

Chriſt dying, riſing, and reigning.

1 HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies;
A ſudden trembling rocks the ground.

2 Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys I ſee!
JESUS the dead revives again.

4 The riſing God forſakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

5 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of Hell,
And led the monſter Death in chains.

6 Say, *Live for ever, wond'rous King!*
Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!
Then aſk the monſter,—*Where's his ſting?*
And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave?

Extracted

Extracted from Dr. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXV.

Iſrael *and* Amalek. *Exodus* xvii. 11.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 OUR banner is th' Eternal God,
Nor will we yield to fear;
Amidſt ten thouſand fierce aſſaults,
His mighty aid is near.

2 To him the hands of faith we ſtretch,
And plead experienc'd grace;
To him the voice of pray'r we raiſe,
Nor will he hide his face.

3 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
Our nation's cauſe to plead;
Nor let thine ISRAEL's foes, and thine,
By wickedneſs ſucceed.

4 Our fainting hands, how ſoon they droop!
But Thou the weak canſt raiſe;
And in the mount of pray'r canſt leave
An altar to thy praiſe.

HYMN

HYMN LXXVI.

Ebenezer; or, *God's helping Hand reviewed and acknowledged.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

For New Year's Day.

1 MY helper God! I bleſs his name:
The ſame his pow'r, his grace the ſame,
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and cloſe the year.

2 I 'midſt ten thouſand dangers ſtand,
Supported by his guardian-hand;
And ſee, when I ſurvey my ways,
Ten thouſand monuments of praiſe.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this deſert land,
New mercies ſhall new ſongs demand.

4 My grateful ſoul, on JORDAN's ſhore,
Shall raiſe one ſacred pillar more;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inſcriptions of immortal love.

HYMN

HYMN LXXVII.

God saying to the Soul, that he is its Salvation.
Pſalm xxxv. 3.

1 SALVATION! O melodious ſound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

2 Reſcu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a Paradiſe of bliſs,
Where love and glory reigns!

3 But O! may a degen'rate ſoul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Preſume to raiſe a trembling eye
To bleſſings ſo divine?

4 The luſtre of ſo bright a bliſs
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almoſt perverts
The promiſe into tears.

5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine
Theſe dying hopes can raiſe:
Speak thy Salvation to my ſoul,
And turn its tears to praiſe.

6 *My*

6 *My Saviour-God*, this broken voice
Tranſported ſhall proclaim,
And call on all th' angelic harps
To ſound ſo ſweet a name.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Reflections on our Waſte of Years. Pſal. xc. 9.

For New Year's Day.

1 REMARK, my ſoul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How ſwift the weeks compleat their rounds!
How ſhort the months appear!

2 So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we paſs
The ſwift advancing year;
And ſtudy artful ways t'increaſe
The ſpeed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to ſee;
That I may act the Chriſtian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So ſhall their courſe more grateful roll,
If future years ariſe;
Or this ſhall bear my ſmiling ſoul
To joy that never dies.

HYMN LXXIX.

Beholding Tranſgreſſors with Grief.
Pſalm cxix. 136, 158.

1 ARISE, my tend'reſt thoughts, ariſe;
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human nature ſunk in ſhame;
See ſcandals pour'd on JESUS' name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The world abus'd; the ſoul undone.

3 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the fire-brands from the flame,

5 But

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep where moſt it loves;
Thy own all ſaving arm employ,
And turn theſe drops of grief to joy.

HYMN LXXX.

The wandering Sheep recovered.
Pſal. cxix. 176.

1 LORD, we have wander'd from thy way,
Like fooliſh ſheep have gone aſtray;
Our pleaſant paſtures we have left,
And of their guard our ſouls bereft.

2 Expos'd to want, expos'd to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm;
Nor will theſe fatal wand'rings ceaſe,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O ſeek thy thoughtleſs ſervants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring ſouls do thou reſtore,
And keep us, that we ſtray no more!

HYMN LXXXI.

The Voice of Chriſt addreſſed to the Children of Men. Proverbs viii. 4.

1 NOW let the liſt'ning world around
In ſilent rev'rence hear;
While from on high the Saviour's voice
Thus ſtrikes th' attentive ear.

2 "Ye thoughtleſs ſinners, hear my voice,
"Attend my words and live;
"My words conduct to ſolid joys,
"And endleſs bleſſings give.

3 "Each faithful miniſter is ſent
"This meſſage to proclaim;
"In ev'ry various providence
"The language is the ſame.

4 "Forgetful mortals, yet be wiſe,
"While o'er the grave ye ſtand;
"Leſt long neglected love provoke
"The vengeance of my hand.

5 "In glad ſubmiſſion bow ye down,
"Nor ſteel that ſtubborn heart;
"Leſt mine inexorable voice
"Pronounce the word, *Depart.*"

6 Bleſt

6 Bleſt JESUS, may thy Spirit breathe
On ſouls which elſe muſt die;
For till thy grace reflect the ſound,
Thy word in vain will cry.

HYMN LXXXII.

Confederate Nations defied by thoſe who ſanctify God. Iſaiah viii. 9—14.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 GREAT God of hoſts, attend our pray'r,
And make the BRITISH iſles thy care:
To Thee we raiſe our ſuppliant cries,
When angry nations round us riſe.

2 Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the duſt defile our crown,
Deluge our houſes with our blood,
And burn the temples of our God.

3 But, midſt the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage:
O raiſe thy ſaving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh!

4 Give ear, ye countries from afar:
Ye proud aſſociate nations, hear;
While fix'd on him, who rules the ſky,
Our hearts your threat'ned war defy.

5 IMMANUEL's

5 IMMANUEL's land ſhall ſafe remain,
Bleſt with its Saviour's gentle reign;
Till ev'ry hoſtile rumour ceaſe
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

HYMN LXXXIII.

The High-way to Zion. Iſa. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer ſing:
Pilgrims for ZION's city bound,
Be joyful in your king.

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;
How holy, and how plain!
Nor ſhall the ſimpleſt trav'llers err,
Nor aſk the track in vain.

3 No rav'ning lion ſhall deſtroy,
Nor lurking ſerpent wound;
Pleaſure and ſafety, peace and praiſe,
Thro' all the path are found.

4 A hand divine ſhall lead you on
Thro' all the bliſsful road;
Till to the ſacred mount you riſe,
And ſee your ſmiling God.

5 There

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While ſorrow, ſighing, and diſtreſs,
Like ſhadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's ſtrength;
Purſue his footſteps ſtill;
And let the proſpect chear your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

HYMN LXXXIV.

The Blind and Weak led and ſupported in God's Way. Iſaiah xlii. 16.

1 PRAISE to the radiant ſource of bliſs,
Who gives the blind their ſight,
And ſcatters round their wond'ring eyes
A flood of ſacred light.

2 In paths unknown He leads them on
To his divine abode,
And ſhews new miracles of grace
Thro' all the heav'nly road.

3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd
He renders ſmooth and ſtraight,
And ſtrengthens ev'ry feeble knee
To march to ZION's gate.

4 Thro'

4 Thro' all the path I'll ſing his name,
Till I the mount aſcend,
Where toils and ſtorms are known no more,
And Anthems never end.

HYMN LXXXV.

Invitation to return to the Lord, and put away Abominations. Jer. iv. 1, 2.

1 IT is the Lord of glory calls,
O let his ISRAEL hear:
" Stop, ye revolters, in your courſe,
" And hearken, and come near.

2 " What tho' in ſin's deluſive paths
" Ye from your youth have ſtray'd;
" What tho' my meſſages of love
" Have been with ſcorn repay'd;

3 " At laſt return, and Grace divine
" Your wand'rings ſhall forget;
" If loyal zeal and love dethrone
" Each idol from its ſeat.

4 " Return, and dwell ſecure on earth,
" As in your Lord's embrace,
" Till in the land of perfect joy
" Ye find a nobler place."

5 Father of mercies! lo, we come,
Subdu'd by ſuch a call:
O let the hand of Grace divine
Reduce, and bleſs us all.

6 So will we teach the world that love,
Which we are made to ſee,
And wand'rers ſhall with us return,
And bleſs themſelves in Thee.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Chriſt, *the Lord our Righteouſneſs*,
Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we truſt;
Thou art the Lord our Righteouſneſs,
Thou art thine ISRAEL's boaſt.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in duſt we lie,
Till JESUS ſtretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 Then the bright robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemiſh ſhall be found.

4 Pardon

4 Pardon and peace and lively hope
To ſinners now are giv'n:
Soon ſhall thy faithful people change
Their wilderneſs for heav'n.

5 With joy we taſte that manna now,
Thy mercy ſcatters down;
We ſeal our humble vows to Thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Aſking the Way to Zion, *in order to joining in Covenant with God.* Jer. l. 5.

1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to ZION's hill,
And thither ſet your ſteady face
With a determin'd will.

2 Invite the ſtrangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And ſpread the ſentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to his temple haſte,
And ſeek his favour there,
Before his foot-ſtool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent pray'r.

4 Come, let us join our ſouls to God
In everlaſtſng bands,
And ſeize the bleſſings he beſtows
With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come let us ſeal without delay
The cov'nant of his grace;
Nor ſhall the years of diſtant life
Its memory efface.

6 Thus may our riſing offſpring haſte
To ſeek their father's God,
Nor e'er forſake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Searching and trying our ways,
Lament. iii. 40.

1 THY piercing eye, O God, ſurveys
The various windings of our ways;
Teach us their tendency to know,
And judge the paths in which we go.

2 How wild, how crooked have they been!
A maze of fooliſhneſs and ſin!
With all the light we vainly boaſt,
Leaving our Guide, our ſouls are loſt.

3 Had

3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,
So fatally our feet had ſtray'd,
Stern juſtice had its pris'ners led
Down to the chambers of the dead.

4 O turn us back to Thee again,
Or we ſhall ſearch our ways in vain
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
And bear us on to ZION's hill.

5 Roll on, ye ſwift-revolving years,
And end this round of ſins and cares;
No more a wand'rer would I roam,
But near my Father fix at home.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Priſoners delivered from the Pit, by the Blood of the Covenant. Zech. ix. 11.

1 YE pris'ners, who in bondage lie,
In darkneſs and the pit,
Behold the Grace that ſets us free,
And to that Grace ſubmit.

2 The tidings of deliv'rance hear,
Confeſs the cov'nant good,
And bleſs the ranſom God hath found
In our IMMANUEL's blood.

3 Juſtice no more aſſerts its claim
Your forfeit lives to take;
But ſmiling mercy quick deſcends
Your heavy chains to break.

4 We walk at large, and ſing the hand,
To which we freedom owe;
And drink thoſe rivers with delight,
Which thro' this deſert flow.

5 He, that hath liberty beſtow'd,
Will give a kingdom too;
He, that hath loos'd the bonds of death,
The path of life will ſhow.

HYMN XC.

The Fountain of Life. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 HAIL, everlaſting ſpring!
Celeſtial fountain, hail!
Thy ſtreams ſalvation bring,
The waters never fail:
Still they endure,
And ſtill they flow
For all our woe
A ſov'reign cure.

2 Bleſt

2 Bleſt be his wounded ſide,
And bleſt his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguiſh died
Such favours to impart,
His ſacred blood
Shall make us clean
From ev'ry ſin,
And fit for God.

3 To that dear ſource of love
Our ſouls this day would come:
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That JEW and GREEK
With rapt'rous ſongs
On all their tongues
Thy praiſe may ſpeak.

HYMN XCI.

God's Name profan'd, when his Table is treated with contempt. Malachi i. 12.

Applied to the Lord's Supper.

1 MY God, and is thy table ſpread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its ſweetneſs know.

2 Hail

2 Hail ſacred feaſt, which JESUS makes!
Rich banquet of his fleſh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That ſacred ſtream, that heav'nly food!

3 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furniſh'd well with joyful gueſts;
And may each ſoul ſalvation ſee,
That here its ſacred pledges taſtes.

4 Let crouds approach with hearts prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleaſure, or the profit end.

5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN XCII.

Seeking firſt the Kingdom of God, &c.
Matt. vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true ambition riſe,
And ardour fire our breaſt,
To reign in worlds above the ſkies,
In heav'nly glories dreſt.

2 Behold

2 Behold JEHOVAH's royal hand
A glorious crown diſplay,
Whoſe glory will for ever ſhine,
When ſtars and ſuns decay.

3 Away, each grov'lling anxious care,
Beneath a Chriſtian's thought:
I ſpring to ſeize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize purſue;
Nor ſhall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN XCIII.

The Grace of Chriſt *in miniſtering to Men, and dying for them.* Matt. xx. 28.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of Love,
How ſweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
The word of ſuch a king;

3 For

3 For us mean wretched ſinful men
Thou laid'ſt that glory by,
Firſt in our mortal fleſh to ſerve,
Then in that fleſh to die.

4 Bought with thy ſervice and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine:
To thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death reſign.

HYMN XCIV.

The abounding of Iniquity, and Coldneſs of Chriſtian Love. Matt. xxiv. 12.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 ALAS for BRITAIN, and her ſons!
What hath ſhe not to fear?
The ſins, that ruin'd SALEM once,
O how triumphant here!

2 Alas the ſtrong o'erflowing tide!
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding ſymptom joins
In terrible preſage.

3 Cold is the love of Chriſtian breaſts,
If Chriſtian breaſts remain;
And dying the laſt ſparks of zeal,
Or its laſt efforts vain.

4 Of

4 Of BRITAIN, oft chaſtis'd and ſav'd,
What ſhall the end be found?
Shall not the ſword, that waves ſo long,
Inflict the deeper wound?

5 O ſtay thine arm, all gracious God;
Thy ſpirit largely pour!
He can the ſtreams of guilt reſtrain,
And dying love reſtore.

HYMN XCV.

Relieving Chriſt in his poor Saints.
Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how compleat!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs ſum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of glorious light
Doſt thou exalted ſhine;
What can my poverty beſtow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou haſt brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confeſs their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou may'ſt be cloth'd, and fed,
And viſited, and chear'd;
And in their accents of diſtreſs
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love
I in thy poor would ſee,
O let me rather beg my bread,
Than hold it back from Thee.

HYMN XCVI.

The final Sentence and Miſery of the Wicked.
Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the Judge deſcend?
And muſt the dead ariſe?
And not a ſingle ſoul eſcape
His all diſcerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall ſuch a ſentence ſound?
And thro' the millions of the damn'd
Spread black deſpair around?

3 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n before his face
Aſtoniſh'd ſhrink away?

4 But

4 Ye little flock, with pleaſure hear:
Ye children, ſeek his face;
And fly with tranſport to receive
The bleſſings of his Grace.

HYMN XCIX.

The Angels Song at Chriſt's *Birth.*
Luke ii. 13, 14.

1 HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no ſuch love have known
T' awake a chearful ſong.

2 Good-will to ſinful men is ſhewn,
And peace to earth is giv'n;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With meſſages from heav'n.

3 Juſtice and Grace with ſweet accord
His riſing beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in conſort join,
Now ſuch a child is born.

4 Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains
In higheſt worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives diſplay'd.

5 When

5 When ſhall we reach thoſe bliſsful realms,
Where CHRIST exalted reigns,
And learn of the celeſtial choir
Their own immortal ſtrains?

HYMN C.

Chriſt's *Meſſage.* Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK the glad ſound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a ſong.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to releaſe,
In SATAN's bondage held:
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure,
And with the treaſures of his Grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad HOSANAS, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN CI.

The Good Samaritan. *Luke* x. 30—37.

1 FATHER of Mercies, ſend thy Grace
All pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient ſouls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our ſympathizing breaſts
That gen'rous pleaſure know,
Kindly to ſhare in others joy,
And weep for others woe!

3 When the moſt helpleſs ſons of grief
In low diſtreſs are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And ſwift our hands to aid.

4 So JESUS look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the ſkies,
And, 'midſt th' embraces of his God,
He felt compaſſion riſe.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raiſe us from the ground,
And made the richeſt of his blood
A balm for ev'ry wound.

HYMN CII.

The Active Chriſtian. Luke xii. 35—38.

1 YE ſervants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Obſervant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his ſight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we ſpeak, He's near:
Mark the firſt ſignal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy ſervant he
In ſuch a poſture found!
He ſhall his Lord with rapture ſee,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 CHRIST ſhall the banquet ſpread
With his own royal hand,
And raiſe that fav'rite ſervant's head
Amidſt th' angelick band.

HYMN CIII.

The Reſurrection of Chriſt. *Luke* xxiv. 34.

1 YES, the Redeemer roſe;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our helliſh foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head;
In wild diſmay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And faint away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full aſſembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worſhip at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To ſuch a tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What muſick fills the air!
Their anthems ſay,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead;
"He roſe to-day."

4 Ye mortals catch the ſound.
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And ſend the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Tranſported cry,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead
"No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who ſav'ſt us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou riſing, reigning God!
With Thee we riſe,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the ſkies.

HYMN CIV.

True Liberty given by Chriſt. *John* viii. 36.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Tranſported fall before his feet,
Who makes the pris'ners free.

2 The curſed bonds of ſin He breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain:
Smiling He deals thoſe pardons round,
Which free from endleſs pain.

3 Into the captive heart He pours
His Spirit from on high:
We loſe the terrors of the ſlave,
And ABBA, Father cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and ſing his Grace
The ſinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to ſeek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's houſe above;
There ſhall you wear immortal crowns,
And ſing redeeming love.

HYMN CV.

The Deſcent of the Spirit, or his Influences deſired. Acts x. 44.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy ſervants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O ſhed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bleſs our eyes with ſacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With ſpeedy flight may he deſcend,
And ſolid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid ſouls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Bleſt earneſt of eternal joy,
Declare our ſins forgiv'n;
And bear with energy divine
Our raptur'd thoughts to heav'n.

5 Diffuſe, O God, theſe copious ſhow'rs,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderneſs
To a fair fruitful field.

HYMN CVI.

God's Command to all Men to repent.
Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the voice celeſtial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that ſcorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fi'ry day.

2 The ſummons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:
Liſten, ye men of royal birth,
And let their vaſſals hear.

3 Together in his preſence bow,
And all your guilt confeſs;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor triſle with the Grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet ſound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
May we ſubdu'd by goodneſs fall
And weep, and love, and praiſe!

HYMN CVII.

Paul *preaching, and* Felix *trembling.*
Acts xxiv. 25.

1 GREAT Sov'reign of the human heart,
The mighty energy impart,
Which darts at once thro' breaſts of ſteel,
And makes the nether millſtone feel.

2 Let ſinners tremble at thy word,
Struck by the terrors of the Lord;
And, while they tremble, let them flee,
And ſeek their help, their life from Thee.

3 O let them ſeize the preſent day,
Nor riſk ſalvation by delay:
To-morrow, Lord, to Thee belongs;
This night may vindicate thy wrongs.

4 This night may ſtop their fleeting breath,
And ſeal them to eternal death,
May veil redemption from their ſight,
And give them flames inſtead of light.

5 Or ſhould ſucceeding years remain,
Years, with their ſabbaths, all in vain
Before their darken'd eyes may roll,
And more obdurate leave the ſoul.

6 Great

6 Great Saviour, let thy pity riſe,
And make the wretched triflers wiſe;
Leſt pangs and trembling felt in vain
Haſten and feed immortal pain.

HYMN CVIII.

The God of Peace bruiſing Satan.
Rom. xvi. 20.

1 YE armies of the living God,
In his all-conqu'ring name
Lift up your banners, and aloud
Your Leader's grace proclaim.

2 JESUS, who leads his hoſts to war,
Shall tread the tempter down,
And ev'ry faithful ſoldier ſhare
The triumph and the crown.

3 So ISRAEL on the haughty necks
Of CANAAN's tyrants trod,
And ſang their JOSHUA's conqu'ring ſword,
And ſang their faithful God.

4 Ye armies of the living God,
In his all conqu'ring name
Lift up your banners, and aloud
Your Leader's grace proclaim.

HYMN

HYMN CIX.

God's Fidelity in moderating Temptations.
1 Cor. x. 13.

1 NOW let the feeble all be ſtrong,
And make JEHOVAH'S arm their ſong;
His ſhield is ſpread o'er ev'ry ſaint,
And, thus ſupported, who ſhall faint?

2 What tho' the hoſts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage?
A faithful God reſtrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word He will diſplay
A ſtrength proportion'd to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will ſhew a path of ſafe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promiſe good,
Which JESUS ratifi'd with blood:
Still He is gracious, wiſe, and juſt,
And ſtill in Him let ISR'EL truſt.

HYMN CX.

The heavenly Inheritance made known by the Spirit. Eph. i. 18.

1 COME, Thou celeſtial Spirit, come,
And call our roving paſſions home;
To our enlighten'd eyes diſplay
The heritage of heav'nly day.

2 My God, that heritage is Thine;
How rich, how glorious, how divine!
How far above all mortal things,
The little pride of courts and kings!

3 Of endleſs joy th' unbounded ſtore,
Why is its luſtre known no more?
Away, ye miſts of envious night,
That veil ſalvation from our ſight!

4 Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, ſhine;
Shew the bright world, and ſhew it mine;
Then paradiſe on earth ſhall ſpring,
And mortal worms like angels ſing.

HYMN CXI.

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to our ear;
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man,
And all the ſteps that grace diſplay,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road,
And new ſupplies each hour we meet,
While preſſing on to God.

4 Grace all the work ſhall crown
Thro' everlaſting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmoſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

HYMN CXII.

Nearneſs to God thro' Chriſt. *Eph.* ii. 13.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at diſtance ſtood?
And to effect this glorious change,
Did JESUS ſhed his blood?

2 O for a ſong of ardent praiſe
To bear our ſouls above!
What ſhould allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here may we ſee thy glories ſhine,
And taſte thy mercies here.

4 O may that love, which ſpread thy board,
Diſpoſe us for the feaſt;
May faith behold a ſmiling God
Thro' JESUS' bleeding breaſt.

5 Fir'd with the view, our ſouls ſhall riſe
In ſuch a ſcene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That ſhall compleat our bliſs.

HYMN

HYMN CXIII.

Love to others urged from Chriſt's *Love, in giving himſelf a Sacrifice.* Eph. v. 2.

1 NOW be that ſacrifice ſurvey'd,
That ranſom which the Saviour paid;
That ſight familiar to my view,
Yet always wondrous, always new.

2 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,
And gently bow'd his dying head;
While love to ſinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing ſmart.

3 Bleſt JESUS, while thy grace I ſing,
What grateful tribute ſhall I bring,
That earth and heav'n and thou may'ſt ſee
My Love to Him who died for me?

4 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taught,
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their maſter's death can move,
Thy ſervants ſhould each other love.

HYMN CXIV.

Chriſt's *Love to the Church in giving himſelf for it, &c.* Eph. v. 25.—27.

1 BRidegroom of ſouls, how rich thy love!
How gen'rous, how divine!
Our inmoſt hearts it well may move,
While thus our voices join.

2 Deform'd and wretched once we lay,
Worthy thy hate and ſcorn;
Yet love like thine could find a way
To reſcue and adorn.

3 Thou art our ranſom; from thy veins
A wondrous fountain flows,
To waſh thy bride from all her ſtains,
And heal our deepeſt woes.

4 Transform'd by Thee, ev'n here below
Thy church is bright and fair:
But O! how glorious ſhall ſhe ſhew,
When JESUS ſhall appear!

5 Thine eye ſhall all her form ſurvey
With infinite delight,
Confeſs'd in that illuſtrious day,
Unblemiſh'd in thy ſight.

HYMN

HYMN CXV.

Preſſing on in the Chriſtian Race.
Phil. iii. 12—14.

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, ſtretch ev'ry nerve,
And preſs with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witneſſes around
Hold thee in full ſurvey:
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way,

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye.

4 Bleſt Saviour, introduc'd by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

HYMN CXVI.

Chriſtians, as riſen with Chriſt, *exhorted to ſeek Things above.* Coloſſ. iii. 1.

1 HEARKEN, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents ſo divine as theſe
Might charm the dulleſt ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your ſouls to ſin muſt die;
With CHRIST our Lord ye live anew,
With CHRIST aſcend on high.

3 There at his Father's hand He ſits
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns Himſelf your Brother ſtill,
And your Forerunner there.

4 Riſe from theſe earthly trifles, riſe,
On wings of faith and love;
JESUS your choiceſt treaſure reigns,
And be your hearts, above.

5 But earth and ſin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, ſend thy ſtrong attractive grace
To raiſe us up on high.

HYMN

HYMN CXVII.

An immediate Attention to God's Voice required. Heb. iii. 15.

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls,
Be ev'ry ear inclin'd;
May ſuch a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

2 If He in thunder ſpeaks,
Earth trembles at his nod:
But gentle accents here proclaim
The condeſcending God.

3 O harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to day;
Leſt, ere to morrow's earlieſt dawn,
He calls your ſouls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conqu'ring Grace,
So ſhall the flint diſſolve to tears,
And ſcorners ſeek thy face.

HYMN CXX.

James's *Advice to Sinners.* James iv. 7, 8.

1 YE ſinners, bend your ſtubborn necks
Beneath the yoke divine;
In low ſubmiſſion bow ye down
Before his ſacred ſhrine.

2 In pious ſtreams your follies mourn,
And ſeek his injur'd grace;
And wait with broken bleeding hearts
The op'nings of his face.

3 Reſiſt the tempter's fierce attacks,
And he ſhall ſpeed his flight:
Draw near to God, and his embrace
Shall fold you with delight.

4 Ye ſinners, cleanſe your ſpotted hands,
And purge your hearts from ſin;
Here fix your long-divided views,
And peace ſhall reign within.

5 Bleſt Saviour, draw us by thy love,
And fix us by thy pow'r;
When we have felt theſe ſweet conſtraints,
Our ſouls ſhall rove no more.

HYMN CXXI.

Blood of Chriſt *cleanſing from all Sin.*
1 John i. 7.

1 OUR ſins, alas! how foul the ſtains!
How deep, and O! how wide!
O'er our polluted ſouls they ſpread,
In double crimſon dy'd.

2 How ſhall we ſtand before that God,
In whoſe all-piercing ſight
Some ſhades of darkneſs ſeem to veil
The pureſt ſons of light?

3 Where ſhall we waſh theſe ſpots away,
And make our natures clean,
Since drops of penitential grief
Are tinctur'd ſtill with ſin?

4 Behold a torrent all divine
Flows from the Saviour's ſide,
And ſtrangely bears a cryſtal ſtream
Amidſt the purple tide.

5 Here may we bathe our ſpotted ſouls,
And make them pure and fair;
Till not the eye of God diſcern
One foul pollution there.

6 Then,

6 Then, dreſt in robes of ſnowy white,
We'll join the ſhining band,
And learn new anthems to the Lamb,
While round his throne we ſtand.

HYMN CXXII.

A Hymn for a Faſt-Day in Time of War.

Deut. xxiii. 9.

1 GREAT God of heav'n and nature, riſe;
And hear our loud united cries;
See BRITAIN bow before thy face
Thro' all her coaſts, and ſeek thy grace.

2 No arm of fleſh we make our truſt;
Nor ſword, nor horſe, nor ſhips we boaſt:
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and ſkill is vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On ev'ry ſhore, on ev'ry town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, prieſts, and people ſhine.

3 So ſhall our God delight to bleſs,
And crown our arms with wide ſucceſs:
Our foes ſhall dread JEHOVAH's ſword,
And conqu'ring BRITAIN ſhout the Lord.

Extracted from Mr. NEWTON.

HYMN CXXIII.

Walking with God. Geneſis v. 24.

1 BY faith in CHRIST I walk with God,
With heav'n my journey's end in view;
Supported by his ſtaff and rod,
My road is ſafe and pleaſant too.

2 I travel thro' a deſart wide,
Where many round me blindly ſtray;
But He vouchſafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miſs my way.

3 Tho' ſnares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my courſe withſtand;
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

4 The wilderneſs affords no food,
But God for my ſupport prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my ſoul from wants and cares.

5 With

5 With him ſweet converſe I maintain,
Great as he is I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleaſures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

HYMN CXXIV.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THE ſaints ſhould never be diſmay'd,
Nor ſink in hopeleſs fear;
For when they leaſt expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This ABR'AM found, he rais'd the knife,
God ſaw, and ſaid, "Forbear;"
Yon ram ſhall yield his meaner life,
Behold the victim there.

3 Once DAVID ſeem'd SAUL's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;
SAUL turns his arms another way,
To ſave th' invaded land.

When JONAH ſank beneath the wave,
4 He thought to riſe no more;
But God prepar'd a fiſh to ſave,
And bear him to the ſhore.

5 Bleſt proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be truſted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his ſeaſonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait:
The promiſe may be long delay'd;
But cannot come too late.

HYMN CXXV.

JEHOVAH-ROPHI.

I am the Lord that healeth thee. Exod. xv. 26.

1 HEAL us, IMMANUEL, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded ſouls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are ſuch.

2 Our faith is feeble we confeſs,
We faintly truſt thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the leſs?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

3 Remember

3 Remember him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,
"O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the preſs,
And healing virtue ſtole;
Was anſwer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have ſhunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and ſtrong,
Had ſtrong miſgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! ſend us not deſpairing home.
Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN CXXVI.

Aſk what I ſhall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promiſe calls me near;
There JESUS ſhews a ſmiling face,
And waits to anſwer pray'r.

2 That

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which ſprinkled round I ſee,
Provides for thoſe who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My ſoul aſk what thou wilt,
Thou canſt not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he ſpilt,
What elſe can he withold?

4 Beyond thy utmoſt wants
His love and pow'r can bleſs;
To praying ſouls he always grants,
More than they can expreſs.

5 Thine image, Lord, beſtow,
Thy preſence and thy love;
I aſk to ſerve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory ſhine.

7 If thou theſe bleſſings give,
And wilt my portion be;
Chearful the world's poor toys I leave,
To them who know not Thee.

HYMN

HYMN CXXVII.

The Joy of the Lord is your Strength.
Nehemiah viii. 10.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren ſoil;
All we can boaſt, 'till CHRIST we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour ſeen by faith,
A ſenſe of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like thoſe above.

4 To take a glimpſe within the vail,
To know that God is mine;
Are ſprings of joy that never fail,
Unſpeakably divine!

5 Theſe are the joys which ſatisfy,
And ſanctify the mind;
Which make the ſpirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But, if you are the Lord's,
Reſign to them, that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN CXXVIII.

The Believer's Safety. Pſal. xci.

1 INcarnate God! the ſoul that knows
Thy name's myſterious pow'r;
Shall dwell in undiſturb'd repoſe,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wiſdom, faithfulneſs, and love,
To feeble helpleſs worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove
From enemies and ſtorms.

3 Angels, unſeen, attend the ſaints,
And bear them in their arms;
To chear the ſpirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

4 The angels' Lord himſelf is nigh,
To them that love his name;
Ready to ſave them when they cry,
And put their foes to ſhame.

5 Croſſes

5 Croſſes and changes are their lot,
Long as they ſojourn here;
But ſince their Saviour changes not,
What have the ſaints to fear?

HYMN CXXIX.

What ſhall I render—Pſal. cxvi. 12, 13.

1 FOR mercies, countleſs as the ſands,
Which daily I receive
From JESUS my Redeemer's hands,
My ſoul what canſt thou give?

2 Alas! from ſuch a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My beſt is ſtain'd and dy'd with ſin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has beſtow'd;
Salvation's ſacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The beſt returns for one like me,
So wretched and ſo poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And aſk him ſtill for more.

5 I cannot ſerve him as I ought,
No works have I to boaſt;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I ſhall owe him moſt.

HYMN CXXX.

The Name of Jeſus. *Solomon's Song*, i. 3.

1 HOW ſweet the name of JESUS ſounds
In a believer's ear?
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 JESUS!

5 JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

HYMN CXXXI.

The Refuge, River, and Rock of the Church.
Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

3 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding place and shield,
From enemies and storms.

4 This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,
Is deſolate and dry;
But ſtreams of grace from him o'erflow
Their thirſt to ſatisfy.

5 When troubles, like a burning ſun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleaſant ſhade.

6 How glorious he! how happy they
In ſuch a glorious friend!
Whoſe love ſecures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

HYMN CXXXII.

Praiſe for the Fountain opened. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's veins:
And ſinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Waſh all my ſins away.

3 Dear

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r;
Till all the ranſom'd church of God
Be ſav'd, to ſin no more.

4 May I, by faith, behold the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply!
Then love divine ſhall be my theme,
From henceforth till I die.

5 Then in a nobler ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;
When this poor liſping ſtamm'ring tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

HYMN CXXXIII.

The barren Fig-tree. Luke xiii. 6—9.

1 THE church a garden is
In which believers ſtand,
Like ornamental trees
Planted by God's own hand:
His Spirit waters all their roots,
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

2 But other trees there are,
In this incloſure grow;
Which, tho' they promiſe fair,
Have only leaves to ſhow:
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They ſtand but cumb'rers of the ground.

3 The under-gard'ner grieves,
In vain his ſtrength he ſpends,
For heaps of uſeleſs leaves
Afford him ſmall amends:
He hears the Lord his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-trees down.

4 How difficult his poſt,
What pangs his bowels move,
To find his wiſhes croſt,
His labours uſeleſs prove!
His laſt relief is earneſt pray'r,
Lord ſpare them yet another year.

5 Spare them, and let me try
What farther means may do;
I'll freſh manure apply,
My digging I'll renew;
Who knows but yet they fruit may yield!
If not—'tis juſt, they muſt be fell'd.

6 If under means of grace,
No gracious fruits appear,
It is a dreadful caſe,
Tho' God may long forbear:
At length he'll ſtrike the threat'ned blow,
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

HYMN CXXXIV.

The Believer's Danger, Safety, and Duty.
Luke xxii. 31, 32.

1 "SIMON, beware!" the Saviour ſaid,
"Satan your ſubtile foe,
Already has his meaſures laid
Your ſoul to overthrow.

2 He wants to ſift you all, as wheat,
And thinks his victʼry ſure;
But I his malice will defeat,
My prayʼr ſhall faith ſecure."

3 Believers, tremble and rejoice,
Your help and danger view;
This warning has to you a voice,
This promiſe ſpeaks to you.

4 Satan beholds, with jealous eye,
Your privilege and joy;
He's always watchful, always nigh,
To tear and to deſtroy.

5 But JESUS lives to intercede,
That faith may ſtill prevail;
He will ſupport in time of need,
And Satan's arts ſhall fail.

6 Yet while he watches, dare we ſleep?
We muſt our guard maintain;
But, Lord, do thou the city keep,
Or elſe we watch in vain.

HYMN CXXXV.

Will ye alſo go away? John vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from ZION's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour ſay,
"Wilt thou forſake me too?"

2 Ah Lord! with ſuch a heart as mine,
Unleſs thou hold me faſt;
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

3 Yet

3 Yet thou alone haſt pow'r, I know,
To ſave a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I ſhould turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I reſt aſſur'd
Thou art the Chriſt of God;
Who haſt eternal life ſecur'd
By promiſe and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me reſt,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bleſs'd,
And ſatisfy my heart.

6 What anguiſh has that queſtion ſtirr'd,
If I will alſo go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly anſwer, No!

HYMN CXXXVI.

The Reſurrection and the Life. John xi. 25.

1 "I AM," ſaith CHRIST, our glorious head,
(May we attention give)
"The reſurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.

2 By faith in me, the ſoul receives
New life, tho' dead before;
And he, that in my name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

3 The ſinner, ſleeping in his grave,
Shall at my voice awake;
And when I once begin to ſave,
My work I ne'er forſake."

4 Fulfil thy promiſe, gracious Lord,
On us aſſembled here;
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cauſe the dead to hear.

5 Preſerve the pow'r of faith alive,
In thoſe who love thy name;
For ſin and Satan daily ſtrive
To quench the ſacred flame.

6 To thee we look, to thee we bow;
To thee for help we call;
Our life and reſurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

HYMN CXXXVII.

Salvation drawing nearer. Romans. xiii. 11, &c.

1 DArkneſs overſpreads us here,
But the night wears faſt away;
JACOB's Star will ſoon appear,
Leading on eternal day!
Now 'tis time to rouſe from ſleep,
Trim our lamps and ſtand prepar'd;
For our Lord ſtrict watch to keep,
Leſt he find us off our guard.

2 Let his people courage take,
Bear with a ſubmiſſive mind
All they ſuffer for his ſake,
Rich amends they ſoon will find:
He will wipe away their tears,
Near himſelf appoint their lot;
All their ſorrows, pains, and fears,
Quickly then will be forgot.

3 Tho' already ſav'd by grace,
If indeed, we have believ'd;
Yet while ſin and war have place,
We have but a part receiv'd:

Still we for ſalvation wait,
Ev'ry hour it nearer comes!
Death will break the priſon gate,
And admit us to our homes.

4 Sinners, what can you expect?
You, who now the Saviour dare,
Break his laws, his grace reject;
You muſt ſtand before his bar!
Tremble, leſt he ſay, Depart!
Oh the horrors of that ſound!
Lord, make ev'ry careleſs heart
Seek thee, while thou may'ſt be found.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

Prayer for Young People.

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of ſaving grace;
And let the ſeed of ſacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But faireſt in the youngeſt ſhews,
And yields the ſweeteſt fruit.

3 Ye careleſs ones, O hear betimes
The voice of ſov'reign love!
Your youth is ſtain'd with many ſins,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a ſtone
Within the youngeſt breaſt;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your reſt.

5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the ſecret tear is ſhed,
O ſhed yourſelves a tear.

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That JESUS whom we preach.

HYMN CXXXIX.

THE SAME.

For New Year's Day.

1 NOW may fervent pray'r ariſe, [ſkies;
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the
Fervent pray'r ſhall bring us down
Gracious anſwers from the throne.

2 Bleſs

2 Bleſs, O Lord, the op'ning year,
To each ſoul aſſembled here;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought ſheep!
Teach the ſtony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to ſee,
See themſelves, and look on thee!

4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of ſacred truth:
While the goſpel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear?

5 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the deſert of ſin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This ſhall melt a heart or ſteel.

6 Where thou haſt thy work begun,
Give new ſtrength the race to run:
Scatter darkneſs, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

7 Bleſs us all, both old and young;
Call forth praiſe from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole aſſembly prove
All thy pow'r, and all thy love!

HYMN

HYMN CXL.

God ſpeaking from Mount Zion.

For New Year's-Day.

1 THE God, who once to ISRAEL ſpoke
From SINAI's top, in fire and ſmoke,
In gentler ſtrains of goſpel grace
Invites us, now, to ſeek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
He ſpeaks in love, from ZION, now;
It is the voice of JESU's, blood
Calling poor wand'rers home to God.

3 Hark! how from CALVARY it ſounds;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds!
"Pardon and grace, I freely give,
Poor ſinner, look to me, and live."

4 What other arguments can move
The heart that ſlights a Saviour's love!
Yet till Almighty pow'r conſtrain,
This matchleſs love is preach'd in vain.

5 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cauſe each ſtony heart to melt!
Deeply impreſs upon our youth
The light and force of goſpel-truth.

6 With this new year may they begin
To live to thee, and die to ſin;
To enter by the narrow way,
Which leads to everlaſting day.

7 How will they elſe thy preſence bear
When as a Judge thou ſhalt appear!
When ſlighted love to wrath ſhall turn,
And the whole earth like SINAI burn!

HYMN CXLI.

The Lord's Call to his Children.
2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

1 LET us adore the grace that ſeeks
To draw our hearts above!
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour ſpeaks,
And ev'ry word is love.

2 Tho' fill'd with awe, before his throne
Each angel veils his face;
He claims a people for his own
Amongſt our ſinful race.

3 "Come forth, he ſays, no more purſue
The paths that lead to death;
Look up' a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be ſav'd by faith.

4 My

4 My ſons and daughters you ſhall be
Thro' the atoning blood;
And you ſhall claim, and find in me,
A Father, and a God."

5 Lord, ſpeak theſe words to ev'ry heart,
By thine all-pow'rful voice;
That we may now from ſin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

6 If now, we learn to ſeek thy face
By CHRIST, the living way;
We'll praiſe thee for this hour of grace,
Thro' an eternal day.

HYMN CXLII.

Waiting at Wiſdom's Gates.
Prov. viii. 34, 35.

1 ENſnar'd, too long, my heart has been
In folly's hurtful ways;
Oh, may I now, at length, begin
To hear what Wiſdom ſays!

2 'Tis JESUS, from the mercy-ſeat,
Invites me to his reſt;
He calls poor ſinners to his feet,
To make them truly bleſt.

3 Approach

3 Approach my ſoul to Wiſdom's gates
While it is call'd to-day;
No one, who watches there and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me ſeek in vain;
For all, who truſt his word,
Shall everlaſting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

5 Then may I break my league with death,
And live to thee alone;
O let thy Spirit's ſeal of faith
Secure me for thine own!

HYMN CXLIII.

Aſking the Way to Zion. Jer. l. 5.

1 ZION! the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour there has his abode,
And ſinners ſee his face!

2 Firm againſt ev'ry adverſe ſhock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living rock,
And wall'd around with love.

3 There

3 There, all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die.
And ſtreams of grace, and knowledge flow,
The ſoul to ſatisfy.

4 Come, ſet your faces Zion-ward,
The ſacred road inquire;
And let an union to the Lord
Be henceforth your deſire!

5 The goſpel ſhines to give you light,
No longer then delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And JESUS is the way.

6 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,
Thy promiſe now fulfil;
And young and old by grace prepare,
To dwell on ZION's hill.

HYMN CXLIV.

How ſhall I put thee among the Children?
Jer. iii. 19.

1 ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill!
Our lives to Satan how enſlav'd,
How obſtinate our will!

2 And

2 And can ſuch ſinners be reſtor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd?
Can Grace itſelf the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
Which will effectual prove;
To cleanſe us from our countleſs ſins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 JESUS for ſinners undertakes,
And dy'd that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

5 But God the Spirit muſt reveal
The Saviour's work and worth;
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

6 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd, and ſav'd, by grace;
Rebels in God's own houſe obtain
A ſon's and daughter's place.

HYMN CXLV.

Praiſe for the Incarnation.

1 SWEETER ſounds than muſic knows
Charm me in IMMANUEL'S name;
All her hopes my ſpirit owes
To his birth, and croſs, and ſhame.

2 When he came the angels ſung
"Glory be to God on High;"
Lord, unlooſe my ſtamm'ring tongue:
Who ſhould louder ſing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become
That he might the law fulfil?
Bleed and ſuffer in my room?
And canſt thou, my tongue, be ſtill?

4 No, I muſt my praiſes bring,
Tho' they worthleſs are, and weak;
For ſhould I refuſe to ſing,
Sure the very ſtones would ſpeak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Huſband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

HYMN

HYMN CXLVI.

Man honoured above Angels.

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' ſongs;
Yea, ſinners may addreſs their King
In ſongs that angels cannot ſing.

2 They praiſe the Lamb who once was ſlain,
But we can add a higher ſtrain;
Not only ſay, "He ſuffer'd thus,"
But, that he ſuffer'd all for US.

3 When angels by tranſgreſſion fell,
Juſtice conſign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan,
To ſave and honour fallen man.

4 JESUS, who paſs'd the angels by,
Aſſum'd our fleſh to bleed and die;
And ſtill he makes it his abode,
As man, he fills the throne of God.

5 But ah! how faint our praiſes riſe!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the ſkies,
That we, who ſhare his richeſt love,
So cold and unconcern'd ſhould prove.

6 O glorious hour, it comes with ſpeed!
When we, from ſin and darkneſs freed,
Shall ſee the God, who dy'd for man,
And praiſe him more than angels can.

HYMN

HYMN CXLVII.

Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

For the close of the Year.

1 LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praise.

2 To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.

3 In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.

4 Now thro' another year,
Supported by his care,
We raise our EBENEZER here,
"The Lord has help'd thus far."

5 Our lot in future years
Unable to foresee;
He kindly to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to me."

6 Yea,

6 Yea, Lord, we wiſh to caſt
Our cares upon thy breaſt!
Help us to praiſe thee for the paſt,
And truſt thee for the reſt.

HYMN CXLVIII.

Imploring the Divine Preſence in Prayer.

1 O Lord, our languid ſouls inſpire,
For here, we truſt, thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy preſence now diſplay;
As thou haſt giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Shew us ſome token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raiſe:
And pour thy bleſſings from above,
That we may render praiſe.

4 Within theſe walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conſcience eaſe,
The wounded ſpirit heal.

5 The

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind beſtow:
And ſhine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

6 And may the goſpel's joyful ſound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many ſinners round,
To come and fill the place.

HYMN CXLIX.

THE SAME.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-ſeat;
Where'er they ſeek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabiteſt the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy choſen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The ſweetneſs of thy ſaving name.

4 Here

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To ſtrengthen faith and ſweeten care;
To teach our faint deſires to riſe,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor ſhort thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thouſand hearts thine own!

HYMN CL.

Goſpel Privileges.

1 O Happy they, who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm ſupports them well.

2 He help'd his ſaints in ancient days,
Who truſted in his name;
And we can witneſs, to his praiſe,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

3 Oft in his houſe his glory ſhines
Before our wond'ring eyes:
We wiſh not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the ſkies.

4 His

4 His preſence ſweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him diſpels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, we expect to ſuffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us, ſtill, to find thee near,
And own us, ſtill, for thine.

6 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
Theſe tokens of thy love:
Till thou ſhalt bid our ſpirits riſe,
To worſhip thee above.

HYMN CLI.

The Same.

1 HAPPY are they, to whom the Lord
His gracious name makes known!
And by his Spirit, and his word,
Adopts them for his own!

2 He calls them to his mercy-ſeat,
And hears their humble prayer;
And when within his houſe they meet,
They find his preſence near.

3 Tho' men deſpiſe them, or revile,
They count the trial ſmall;
Whoever frowns, if JESUS ſmile,
It makes amends for all.

4 Tho' meanly clad, and coarſely fed,
And like their Saviour, poor;
They would not change their goſpel bread
For all the worldling's ſtore.

5 When chear'd with faith's ſublimer's joys,
They mount on eagle's wings;
They can diſdain, as children's toys,
The pride and pomp of kings.

Dear Lord, aſſiſt our ſouls to pay
The debt of praiſe we owe;
That we enjoy a goſpel day,
And heav'n begun below.

HYMN CLII.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Welcome to the Table.

1 THIS is the feaſt of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to ſup;
The juices of the living vine
Were preſs'd, to fill the cup.

2 Oh

2 Oh bleſs the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a coſtlier treat,
For JESUS is the bread!

3 The vile, the loſt, he calls to them,
Ye trembling ſouls appear!
The righteous, in their own eſteem,
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach ye poor, nor dare refuſe
The banquet ſpread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and ſin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I ſhall ſee his face.

HYMN CLIII.

THE SAME.

Jeſus *haſting to ſuffer*,

1 THE Saviour! what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breaſt,
When haſting to Jeruſalem
He march'd before the reſt!

2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engroſs;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
He pants to reach the croſs.

3 With all his ſuff'rings full in view,
And woes, to us, unknown,
Forth to the taſk his ſpirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

4 Lord, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts ſhall ſound abroad
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the riſing God!

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes;
We learn our lighter croſs to bear,
And haſten to the ſkies.

HYMN CLIV.

The Same.

Communion with the Saints in Glory.

1 REFRESHED by the bread and wine,
The pledges of our Saviour's love;
Now let our hearts and voices join
In ſongs of praiſe with thoſe above.

2 Do they ſing, "Worthy is the Lamb?"
Altho' we cannot reach their ſtrains,
Yet we, thro' grace, can ſing the ſame,
For us he dy'd, for us he reigns.

3 If they behold him face to face,
While we a glimpſe can only ſee;
Yet, equal debtors to his grace,
In JESUS as belov'd are we.

4 They had, like us, a ſuff'ring time,
Our cares, and fears, and griefs they knew;
But they have conquer'd all thro' him,
And we, ere long, ſhall conquer too.

HYMN CLV.

The Light and Glory of the Word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to ſight;
Precepts and promiſes afford
A ſanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the ſacred page,
Majeſtic like the ſun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand, that gave it, ſtill ſupplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations riſe,
They riſe, but never ſet.

4 Let everlaſting thanks be thine!
For ſuch a bright diſplay,
As makes a world of darkneſs ſhine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My ſoul rejoices to purſue
The ſteps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN CLVI.

A Funeral Hymn.

The Tolling Bell.

OFT as the bell, with ſolemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a ſoul;
Let each one aſk himſelf, "Am I
Prepar'd, ſhould I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preſerves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then,

3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I muſt go;
Muſt hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlaſting ſtate.

4 But could I bear to hear him ſay,
"Depart, accurſed, far away!
With Satan, in the loweſt hell,
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

5 Lord JESUS! help me now to flee,
And ſeek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my ſins, and in me live.

6 Then, when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If ſav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

HYMN CLVII.

There the Weary are at reſt.

1 COURAGE, my ſoul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the ſkies,
For all whom here he guides.

2 The

2 The wicked ceaſe from troubling there,
The weary are at reſt;
Sorrow and ſin, and pain and care,
No more approach the bleſt.

3 A wicked world and wicked heart
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too ſucceſsful part
In haraſſing my mind.

4 But fighting in my Saviour's ſtrength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,
I ſhall a conqu'ror be at length,
O'er all that can oppoſe.

5 Then why, my ſoul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory ſee!
The more I toil and ſuffer here,
The ſweeter reſt will be.

HYMN CLVIII.

The Day of the Lord.

1 HARK! from the ſky the trump proclaims
JESUS, the Judge, approaching nigh!
See the creation wrapt in flames,
Firſt kindled by his vengeful eye!

2 When

2 When thus the mountains melt like wax,
When earth, and air, and ſea ſhall burn;
When all the frame of nature breaks,
Poor ſinner, whither wilt thou turn?

3 Sinners, who dare provoke his face,
Who on his patience long preſume,
And trifle out his day of grace,
Will find he has a day of doom.

4 The puny works, which feeble men
Now boaſt, or covet, or admire;
Their pomp, and arts, and treaſures, then
Shall periſh in one common fire.

5 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above!
Since all below to ruin tends;
Here may we truſt, obey, and love,
And there be found amongſt thy friends.

HYMN CLIX.

Jeſus *the good Shepherd.*

1 JEHOVAH is our Shepherd's name,
Then what have we, tho' weak, to fear?
Our ſin and folly we proclaim,
If we deſpond while he is near.

2 When

2 When Satan threatens to devour,
When troubles preſs on ev'ry ſide;
Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r,
He can defend, he will provide.

3 See the rich paſtures of his grace,
Where in full ſtreams, ſalvation flows!
There he appoints our reſting place,
And may we feed, ſecure from foes.

4 There, midſt the flock the Shepherd dwells,
The ſheep around in ſafety lie;
The wolf, in vain, with malice ſwells,
For he protects them with his eye.

5 Dear Lord, if I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free;
To truſt, and love, and praiſe, is mine,
The care of all belongs to thee.

HYMN CLX.

I will truſt and not be afraid.

1 BEGONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will ſurely appear:
By pray'r let me wreſtle,
And he will perform;
With CHRIST in the veſſel,
I ſmile at the ſtorm.

2 Tho' dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Tho' ciſterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has ſpoken
Shall ſurely prevail.

3 His love in time paſt
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at laſt
In trouble to ſink;

Each

Each ſweet EBENEZER
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleaſure
To help me quite thro'.
4 Why ſhould I complain
Of want or diſtreſs,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no leſs:
The heirs of ſalvation,
I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation
Muſt follow their Lord.
5 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That ſinners might live!
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did JESUS thus ſuffer,
And ſhall I repine?
6 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is ſweet,
The med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at preſent,
'Twill ceaſe before long,
And then, oh! how pleaſant
The conqueror's ſong!

HYMN CLXI.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 FROM EGYPT lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace;
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace
Faith keeps in constant view;
How diff'rent from the wilderness
We now are passing thro'!

4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our Sun will always shine.

5 Here griefs and cares, and pains,
And fears, distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.

6 Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepar'd for ſuff'ring ſaints,
Will make amends for all.

HYMN CLXII.

Old Things are paſſed away.

1 LET worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

2 Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have ſeen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When JESUS is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm, like me?

6 Yes! tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou hadſt not lov'd me firſt,
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

HYMN CLXIII.

Are there few that ſhall be ſaved?

1 DEſtruction's dangerous road
What multitudes purſue!
While that, which leads the ſoul to God,
Is known or ſought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By CHRIST, the living gate;
But they, who will not leave their ſin,
Complain it is too ſtrait.

3 If ſelf muſt be deny'd,
And ſin forſaken quite;
They rather chooſe the way that's wide,
And ſtrive to think it right.

4 But hear the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of CHRIST is always small,
And none are safe but they.

5 Lord, open sinners' eyes
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN CLXIV.

Perseverance.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope, that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with CHRIST in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
JESUS, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho'

4 Tho' ſometimes unperceiv'd by ſenſe,
Faith ſees him always near;
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?

5 As ſurely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So ſurely you, that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN CLXV.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! what a glorious plan!
How ſuited to our need!
The grace that raiſes fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed!

2 'Twas Wiſdom form'd the vaſt deſign,
To ranſom us when loſt;
And Love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the coſt.

3 Strict Juſtice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant ſeal'd;
And Truth, and Power, undertook
The whole ſhould be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r, and Love,
In all their glory ſhone;
When JESUS left the courts above,
And dy'd to ſave his own.

5 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r, and Love,
Are equally diſplay'd,
Now JESUS reigns enthron'd above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now ſin appears deſerving death,
Moſt hateful and abhorr'd;
And yet the ſinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN CLXVI.

Reigning Grace.

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſov'reign, reigning grace,
The ſubject of our ſongs!

2 No ſweeter ſubject can invite
A ſinner's heart to ſing;
Or more diſplay the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

3 Grace reigns, to pardon crimſon ſins;
To melt the hardeſt hearts;
And from the work it once begins,
It never more departs.

4 The

4 The world and Satan ſtrive in vain
Againſt the choſen few;
Secur'd by Grace's conqu'ring reign,
They all ſhall conquer too.

5 Lord, when this changing life is paſt,
If we may ſee thy face;
How ſhall we praiſe, and love, at laſt,
And ſing the reign of grace!

Extracted from Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

HYMN CLXVII.

For the Lord's Day.

1 THE Lord is riſen indeed,
And bids his members riſe;
Ye ſaints by JESUS freed,
Purſue him to the ſkies:
This is the day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

2 On this triumphant day
Peculiarly his own,
He calls his Church to pray
And ſing around his throne;
This is the day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

3 JESUS, to us impart
Thy reſurrection's pow'r,
And teach our quicken'd heart
Its living Lord t' adore,
To vie with the redeem'd above,
Rejoicing in thy pard'ning love.

4 Us by thy peace aſſure,
Thou doſt our ſins forgive,
And then our ſpirits pure
Unto thyſelf receive,
To keep the day of reſt above,
Rejoicing in thy heav'nly love.

HYMN CLXVIII.

The whole Armour of God. Eph. vi. 13,

1 SOLDIERS of CHRIST, ariſe,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the ſtrength which God ſupplies
Thro' his eternal Son.

2 Strong

2 Strong in the Lord of Hoſts,
And in his mighty pow'r,
Who in the ſtrength of JESUS truſts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his ſtrength endu'd,
And take to arm you for the fight,
The PANOPLY* of God;

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts paſt,
You may o'ercome thro' CHRIST alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.

5 From ſtrength to ſtrength go on,
Wreſtle and fight and pray;
Tread all the pow'rs of darkneſs down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still ſet the Spirit cry
In all his Soldiers "Come,"
Till CHRIST the Lord deſcends from high,
And takes the conqu'rors home.

* That is, the whole armour.

HYMN CLXIX.

A Prayer for Unity.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree,
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace,
Bid all ſtrife for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN

HYMN CLXX.

For New Year's Day.

Luke xiii. 6—11.

1 THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found,
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another and another year.

3 When Juſtice bar'd the ſword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, "Let it ſtill alone!"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4 JESUS, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo we see another year!

HYMN CLXXI.

Come, for all things are now ready.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord,
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move,
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come, then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
To happineſs in CHRIST reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And taſte the fulneſs of his grace.

HYMN CLXXII.

Our Life is a Warfare.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's ſound,
Stand to your arms; the foe is nigh,
The pow'rs of Hell ſurround.

2 Who bow to CHRIST's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare,
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

3 Go up with CHRIST, your head,
Your Captain's footſteps ſee;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

4 All pow'r to Him is giv'n,
He ever reigns the ſame,
Salvation, happineſs, and heav'n
Are all in JESU'S name.

5 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the ſkies,
He reaches out a ſtarry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

HYMN CLXXIII.

I will lead the blind, &c. Iſa. xlii. 16.

1 FAther, thou doſt conduct the blind,
A way we had not known,
Thro' thee the way to heav'n we find
In thy beloved Son.

2 Thou ſhew'ſt us what we all muſt do,
Salvation to obtain,
And who this ſhining path purſue
Shall life eternal gain.

3 In CHRIST to our celeſtial home
Thou leadeſt us aright,
The crooked things are ſtraight become,
The darkneſs turn'd to light.

4 Kept in the way by pow'r divine,
Thro' faith we ſtill go on,
And hang on that dear word of thine,
"I will not leave my own."

5 Our ſouls, which truſt thy conſtant love,
Thy conſtant love defends,
And brings us to thy houſe above,
Where faith in viſion ends.

HYMN CLXXIV.

Come, and let us join ourſelves to the Lord, &c.
Jer. l. 5.

1 COME, let us uſe the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourſelves to CHRIST our Lord;

2 Give ourſelves up thro' JESUS' pow'r,
His name to glorify,
And promiſe in this ſacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
May we no more our God forſake,
Or caſt his word behind!

4 Thee,

4 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Let all our hearts receive,
Preſent with thy celeſtial hoſt
The peaceful anſwer give.

5 To each the cov'nant-blood apply,
Which takes our ſins away;
And regiſter our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

From THEODOSIA'S Poems.

HYMN CLXXV.

Redeeming Love.

1 COME, heav'nly love, inſpire my ſong
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely Name.

2 The Saviour! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence ev'ry fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

3 Here

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels loſt in ſin,
And doom'd to endleſs woe.

4 God's only Son, (ſtupendous grace!)
Forſook his throne above,
And ſwift to ſave our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' Almighty Former of the ſkies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view with wond'ring eyes
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliſs a boundleſs ſtore!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wiſh for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy croſs I fall,
My Lord, my life, my ſacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Longing Souls invited to the Goſpel-Feaſt.
Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore
For ev'ry humble gueſt.

2 See JESUS ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is is room;

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

6 There,

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In ecſtaſies unknown.

7 And yet ten thouſand thouſand more
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Weary Souls invited to reſt. Mat. xi. 28.

1 COME, weary ſouls, with ſin diſtreſt;
The Saviour offers heav'nly reſt;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and ſpread your woes abroad:
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
With all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endleſs peace— :
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord,

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hopes thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove:
And ſweetly influence ev'ry breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

The Joys of Heaven.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour ſhines;
And beams unſpeakable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

3 There ſhall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs:
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

4 How

4 How will the wonders of his grace
In their full luſtre ſhine!
His wiſdom, pow'r, and faithfulneſs,
All-glorious! all-divine!

5 But O! their tranſports, O! their ſongs,
What mortal thought can paint?
Tranſcendent glory awes our tongues,
And all our notes are faint.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till, in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join the heav'nly choir.

HYMN CLXXIX.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here ſprings of conſolation riſe,
To cheer the fainting mind:
And thirſty ſouls receive ſupplies,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

3 When

3 When guilt, and terror, pain, and grief,
United rend the heart;
Here ſinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging ſmart.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

5 O may theſe heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light!

6 Divine inſtructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

HYMN CLXXX.

The Heavenly Gueſt. Rev. iii. 20.

1 AND will the Lord thus condeſcend
To viſit ſinful worms?
Thus, at the door, ſhall mercy ſtand
In all her winning forms?

2 Sur-

2 Surpriſing Grace!—and ſhall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Muſt mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall JESUS for admiſſion ſue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis ſin, alas! with tyrant pow'r
The lodging has poſſeſt,
And clouds of Traitors bar the door
Againſt the heav'nly gueſt.

5 Lord, riſe in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Thy mighty pow'r diſplay;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

6 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart,
Dear Saviour, enter in;
And guard the paſſage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry ſin.

HYMN

HYMN CLXXXI.

Strength and Safety in God alone, Pſ. cv. 4.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to ſeek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To ſeek the preſence of thy grace,
My life, my ſtrength, my all.

2 All I can wiſh is thine to give;
My God, I aſk thy love,
That greateſt bliſs I can receive,
That bliſs of heav'n above.

3 To heav'n my reſtleſs heart aſpires:
O for a quick'ning ray,
T' invigorate my faint deſires,
And cheer the tireſome way!

4 The path to thy divine abode
Thro' a wild deſert lies;
A thouſand ſnares beſet the road,
A thouſand terrors riſe.

5 Satan and ſin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

6 When-

6 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or ſpreads the fatal ſnare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For ſafety muſt be there.

HYMN CLXXXII.

Intreating the Preſence of Chriſt *in his Churches.* Hag. ii. 7.

1 COME, thou deſire of all thy ſaints,
Our humble ſtrains attend;
While, with our praiſes and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy ſuff'rings trace;
What ſweetly awful ſcenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How ſhould our ſongs, like thoſe above,
With warm devotion riſe!
How ſhould our ſouls on wings of love,
Mount upward to the ſkies!

4 But ah! the ſong, how cold it flows!
How languid our deſire!
How faint the ſacred paſſion glows,
Till thou the heart inſpire!

5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raiſe
In us the heav'nly flame,
Then ſhall our lips reſound thy praiſe,
Our hearts adore thy name.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory ſhine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

7 Then ſhall our hearts enraptur'd ſay,
Come great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

The Incarnate Saviour. John i. 14.

1 AWAKE, awake the ſacred ſong
To our incarnate Lord;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore th' Eternal word.

2 That awful Word, that ſov'reign Pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn! illuſtrious hour!)
Was once in fleſh array'd!

3 Then,

3 Then ſhone Almighty pow'r and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When JESUS left his throne above,
To dwell with ſinful worms.

4 To dwell with miſery below,
The Saviour left the ſkies,
And ſunk to wretchedneſs and woe,
That worthleſs man might riſe.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their ſongs,
To hail the joyful day:
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worſhip pay!

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore:
But could we ſing as angels do,
Our higheſt praiſe were poor.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

Divine Bounty. Col. i. 19.

1 LORD, we adore thy boundleſs grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace;
In thy beloved Son.

2 O wondrous gift of love divine,
Dear ſource of ev'ry good!
JESUS, in thee what glories ſhine!
How rich thy flowing blood!

3 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taſte,
Behold a never-failing ſtore
For ev'ry willing gueſt!

4 Here ſhall your num'rous wants receive
A free a full ſupply:
He has unmeaſur'd bliſs to give,
And joys that never die.

5 Lord, bring unwilling ſouls to thee,
With ſweet reſiſtleſs pow'r;
Thy boundleſs grace let rebels ſee,
And at thy feet adore.

HYMN CLXXXV.

At the Funeral of a Young Perſon.

1 WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away,
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity muſt demand.

2 While

2 While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſt
With awful pow'r—*I too muſt die*—
Sink deep in ev'ry breaſt.

3 Let this vain world engage no more!
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming ſcene
May ev'ry heart obey,
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to JESUS fly,
Whoſe pow'rful arm can ſave,
Then ſhall our hopes aſcend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy ſov'reign grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's tremendous hour.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

The promiſed Land. Iſa. xxxiii. 17.

1 FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night,
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair diſtant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our ſpirits long to riſe,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 The glorious Monarch there diſplays
His beams of wondrous grace:
His happy ſubjects ſing his praiſe,
And bow before his face.

5 O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

6 Prepare

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

1 THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls diſmiſs your fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirſty, longing heart,
Here ſtreams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliſs impart,
To baniſh mortal woe.

3 Here ſprings of ſacred pleaſure riſe
To eaſe your ev'ry pain;
(Immortal fountain! full ſupplies!)
Nor ſhall you thirſt in vain.

4 Ye ſinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let ſinners fly,
And take the bliſs thy love imparts,
And drink and never die!

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the ſacred ſong!
O may his love, (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue diſplay?
Imagination's utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder ſtill with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be JESUS our ſupreme delight,
His praiſe our beſt employ.

4 JESUS, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like his?

5 Dear

5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture ſay,
The Saviour died for me,

6 O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

For a public Faſt.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r diſplay;
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Great God! and why is BRITAIN ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O be theſe awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, forbear!

4 What

4 What num'rous crimes increaſing riſe!
O'er all this wretched iſle!
What land ſo favour'd of the ſkies,
And yet what land ſo vile!

5 O bid us turn, almighty Lord,
By thy reſiſtleſs grace;
Then ſhall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

6 Then ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We ſhall not ſink in fear:
Secure of never failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

HYMN CXC.

The King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known:
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright thoſe glories ſhine.

3 Infinite

3 Infinite pow'r and boundleſs grace
In him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praiſe?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our king;
We long to love as angels do,
And wiſh like them to ſing.

5 And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain?
Lord teach our ſongs to riſe!
Thy love can animate the ſtrain,
And bid it reach the ſkies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth ſhall raiſe
With all their pow'rs the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praiſe.

HYMN CXCI.

The Neceſſity of renewing Grace.

1 HOW helpleſs guilty nature lies,
Unconſcious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never riſe
To happineſs and God.

2 The

2 The will perverſe, the paſſions blind
In paths of ruin ſtray:
Reaſon debas'd can never find
The ſafe, the narrow way.

3 Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The ſtubborn will ſubdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the paſſions to recal,
And upwards bid them riſe,
And make the ſcales of error fall
From reaſon's darken'd eyes.

5 To chaſe the ſhades of death away,
And bid the ſinner live!
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone can give,

6 O change theſe wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then ſhall our paſſions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Extracted

HYMN CXCIII.

Before Preaching.

1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his bleſſing aſk;
O, may not duty ſeem a load,
Nor worſhip prove a taſk!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From heav'n in JESU's name;
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honeſt heart;
Hoard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part.

4 To ſeek thee all our hearts diſpoſe,
To each thy bleſſing ſuit,
And let the ſeed thy ſervant ſows
Produce a plenteous fruit.

5 Bid the refreſhing North-wind wake;
Say to the South-wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhow'rs,
The cold with warmth divine:
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine!

HYMN CXCIV.

Salvation to the Lamb.

1 POOR ſinner, come, caſt off thy fear,
And raiſe thy drooping head;
Come, ſing, with all poor ſinners here,
JESUS, who once was dead.

2 Salvation ſing: no word more meet
To join to JESU'S name;
Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat
"Salvation to the Lamb."

3 Saints, from the garden to the croſs,
Your conqu'ring Lord purſue,
Who dearly to redeem your loſs,
Groan'd, bled, and died for you.

4 Now reigns victorious over death
The glorious great I AM;
Let ev'ry ſoul repeat with faith,
"Salvation to the LAMB!"

Note,

Note, The following hymns are taken out of an old collection publiſhed by *William Barton*, A. M. Miniſter of *St. Martin's* in *Leiceſter*.—The printing of that book of Hymns, which will recommend itſelf to the pious reader, not ſo much by its poetical elegance, as by its ſtrain of devotion, and its evangelical ſentiments, was promoted by the *then* Mayor and Corporation of *Leiceſter*.

HYMN CXCV.

Te Deum Laudamus: or praiſe to God, &c.

1 WE praiſe our God with one accord,
Thee we confeſs to be the Lord;
All the whole earth adores thy name,
Father of everlaſting fame.

2 To thee aloud all Angels cry,
The heav'ns and all the pow'rs on high,
Both Cherubin and Seraphin
Continual ſongs of praiſe give in.

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Great God of Sabaoth! (they record)
With ſplendor of thy glory ſpread,
Is Heav'n and earth repleniſhed.

4 Th' Apoſtles glorious company
Praiſe thee, O God, perpetually,
The Prophets alſo join to raiſe
The ſong of univerſal praiſe.

5 The noble and victorious hoſt
Of martyrs do thy praiſes boaſt;
The holy Church throughout the earth
Acknowledge and extol thy worth.

6 Father of boundleſs Majeſty!
Thy true and only Son moſt high!
Alſo the ſweet Remembrancer,
The Holy Ghoſt the Comforter!

HYMN CXCVI.

Part the ſecond of Te Deum.

1 THOU art, O Chriſt, King of renown,
Inveſted with a glorious Crown;
Thou art, (before all time begun)
The Father's everlaſting Son.

2 Thou,

2 Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didſt not abhor the virgin's womb:
The pains of death o'ercome by thee
Made heav'n to all believers free.

3 At God's right hand thou haſt thy ſeat,
And in the Father's glory great.
We do believe that thou ſhalt come
To judge us at the day of doom.

4 Lord help thy ſervants, whom (when loſt)
Thy blood redeem'd at ſo great coſt;
Place them on everlaſting thrones
Of glory with thy holy Ones.

5 Thy people, Lord, do thou protect,
And bleſs thine heritage elect,
Govern thy church, and, Lord, advance
For ever thine inheritance.

6 Thy mercy, Lord, to us diſpenſe,
According to our confidence;
Lord, I have put my truſt in thee,
O let me not confounded be!

HYMN CXCVII.

For the Lord's Day.

1 LORD, make thy day our dear delight,
To think, and ſpeak, and act aright;
For thou alone art God moſt high,
That teacheſt us to edify.

2 Thou art our guide, and thou doſt ſhew
The way wherein we ought to go;
Cauſe us to take the path moſt bleſt,
That leads to everlaſting reſt.

3 For ſuch a reſt there doth remain
For God's own people to obtain;
All ſhall receive, who faithful prove,
An everlaſting reſt above.

4 All Glory to the only One,
That ſits upon the ſov'reign throne,
And to the Lamb of God therefore,
Be praiſe and honour evermore.

HYMN CXCVIII.

THE SAME.

1 LORD give thy Goſpel a free courſe,
And crown it with effectual force,
That converts may come in to thee,
And ſaints this day built up may be.

2 A door of utt'rance open, Lord,
To him, who ſpeaks thy holy word;
A door of entrance alſo give,
That thy dead men may hear and live.

3 O Thou that haſt at thy command
The keys of DAVID in thy hand,
Thou only op'neſt or canſt ſhut,
Into whoſe hands thoſe keys are put.

4 Open our hearts to apprehend
The ſcriptures which thy prophets penn'd;
And open, Lord, our lips always,
To make our mouth ſhew forth thy praiſe.

5 All glory to the holy One,
That ſits upon the heav'nly throne,
And to the Lamb of God moſt high,
Be praiſe through all eternity.

Extracted from various Authors.

HYMN CXCIX.

Prayer for Increaſe of Grace.

1 O Lord, how little do we know,
How little of thy preſence feel;
While we continue here below,
And in theſe earthly houſes dwell!

2 When will theſe veils of fleſh remove,
And not eclipſe our ſight of God?
When wilt thou take us up above,
To ſee thy face without a cloud?

3 Shew thy omnipotence to ſave,
The characters of ſin efface;
Thine image on our hearts engrave,
And let us feel thy ſweet embrace.

4 Dart in our ſouls a heav'nly ray,
A ray which ſtill may ſhine more bright,
Increaſing to the perfect day,
Till we awake in endleſs light.

5 Then

5 Then ſhall each ſtar become a ſun,
Fill'd with a luſtre all divine;
Each ſhall poſſeſs a radiant crown,
And to eternal ages ſhine.

HYMN CC.

For New Year's Day.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill, till the maſter appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a ſtream
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and Eternity's here!

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming might ſay,
" I have fought my way thro',
" I have finiſh'd the work, thou didſt give
O that each from his Lord [me to do!"
May receive the glad word,
" Well and faithfully done, [throne!"
" Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my

HYMN CCI.

The Triumph of Faith.

1 HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bleſt anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praiſe of our Salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing thro' the fire,
Thy love we praiſe
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.

We

We clap our hands exulting
In thine Almighty favour;
The love divine,
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou doſt conduct thy people
Thro' torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilſt thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with ſin and Satan,
In vain our march oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall
Break thro' them all,
And ſing the ſong of MOSES.

4 By faith we ſee the glory,
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us,
The croſs deſpiſe,
For that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying STEPHEN,
Shall ſee thee ſtand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.

HYMN CCII.

The heavenly Viſitant. Rev. iii. 20.

1 BEHOLD, a ſtranger's at the door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting ſtill,
You treat no earthly friend ſo ill.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The man of NAZARETH! 'tis he!
With garments died at CALVARY.

3 O lovely attitude! he ſtands
With melting heart and laden hands,
O matchleſs kindneſs! and he ſhews
This matchleſs kindneſs to his foes.

4 Riſe, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy, and thine,
That hateful, hell-born monſter, ſin,
And let the heav'nly ſtranger in.

5 Admit him, for the human breaſt
Ne'er entertain'd ſo kind a gueſt;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When at his door deny'd you'll ſtand.

6 Yet

6 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If JESUS comes, he comes to reign;
To reign; but with no partial ſway;
Thoughts muſt be ſlain that diſobey.

7 Sov'reign of Souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
O may thy gracious reign increaſe!
Throw wide the doors, each willing mind,
And be his empire, all mankind.

HYMN CCIII.

Aſham'd of Jeſus! *Mark* viii. 38.

1 ASham'd of JESUS! can it be?
A mortal man aſham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the thought, by rich and poor!
O may I ſcorn it more and more!

2 Aſham'd of JESUS! of that friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I bluſh, be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Aſham'd of JESUS! yes, I may,
When I've no ſins to waſh away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal ſoul to ſave.

4 Till

4 Till then—nor is the boaſting vain,
Till then, I'll boaſt a Saviour ſlain;
And O may this my portion be,
That Saviour not aſham'd of me!

HYMN CCIV.

Before Sermon.

1 GLORY to God, who gave the word,
And bid the preachers cry;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 Lord, ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly ſeed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.

3 O may thy word direct our path,
And guide our fault'ring feet;
Direct us in the living way,
And to the mercy-ſeat.

4 Fountain of everlaſting life,
Of bliſs, and truth, and good;
Give us (that we may never thirſt)
To drink of JESU's blood.

5 Fill

5 Fill ev'ry hungry ſoul with grace,
From thine exhauſtleſs ſtore;
And let no one go empty hence,
But taſte, and pray for more.

6 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal word;
Be wiſe, and ſtronger grow thereby,
Increaſing in the Lord.

HYMN CCV.

Miracles applied.

1 JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary ſinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
Bid my corruptions end.

2 Thou canſt o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou canſt victorious prove;
For everlaſting ſtrength is thine,
And everlaſting love.

3 Thy pow'rful Spirit can ſubdue
Unconquerable ſin;
Cleanſe my foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

4 Bound down with twice ten thouſand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My ſoul in confidence ſhall riſe,
Shall riſe and break thro' all.

5 Speak, and the deaf ſhall hear thy voice,
The blind his ſight receive,
The dumb in ſongs of praiſe rejoice,
The heart of ſtone believe.

6 The ETHIOP then ſhall change his ſkin,
The dead ſhall feel thy pow'r;
The loathſome leper ſhall be clean,
And I ſhall ſin abhor.

HYMN CCVI.

Rejoicing in the Kingdom of Chriſt.

Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

4 He ſits at God's right hand,
'Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice,

5 He all his foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our ſins deſtroy,
And ev'ry boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope
Jesus the judge ſhall come
And take his ſervants up,
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice
The trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice.

HYMN CCVII.

Chriſt our only Refuge.

1 HOW bleſt are they, whoſe feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground;
And ſteadfaſtly do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of ſin!

2 Their weary ſpirits ſweetly reſt
Contentedly on Jesu's breaſt;
They ſo much of his mercy prove,
As that they cannot help but love.

3 His Spirit ſhews their ſins forgiv'n,
And ſeals them for the heirs of heav'n;
And gives them patience here to wait,
'Till Jesus them to bliſs tranſlate.

4 He arms them for the evil day;
And while in heart with him they ſtay,
He guides them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them thro' the trying hour.

5 Then

5 Then reſt, my ſoul, upon the Lord,
Ev'n JESUS CHRIST, the living word;
And then thy joy ſhall ne'er decay,
'Till it break out in endleſs day.

HYMN CCVIII.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in JESU's name;
Ye, who JESU's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who ſee the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face:
As to CANAAN on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

3 Mourning ſouls dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin;
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte redeeming love.

5 Welcome

5 Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome all to JESUS CHRIST;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

HYMN CCIX.

The Lord reigneth. Pſalm xciii.

1 YE ſervants of God,
Your Maſter proclaim;
And publiſh abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave;
And ſtill he is nigh,
His preſence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To JESUS our king.

3 Salvation to God,
Who ſits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
Our JESUS's praiſes
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and pow'r,
And wiſdom and might;
All honour and bleſſing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceaſing,
And infinite love.

HYMN

HYMN CCX.

Chriſt *our Great* Melchiſedec.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No muſic like thy charming name,
Nor half ſo ſweet can be!

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us ſpeak!
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great MELCHISEDEC.

3 Our JESUS ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay;
We'll ſing our JESU's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud
With all his favor'd throng;
Then will we ſing more ſweet, and loud,
And CHRIST ſhall be our ſong.

HYMN CCXI.

Desiring Perseverance.

1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail;
Author of all our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

2 Hail, first and last, the morning star,
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And purify our love.

3 Let that belief which JESUS taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 O let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From one degree of faith to more,
'Till we behold thy face.

HYMN CCXII.

Striving to praiſe Chriſt.

1 LET us, the ſheep by JESUS nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bleſs;
Let us, whom JESUS hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulneſs.

2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praiſe and glory giv'n;
Here ſhall thy praiſes be begun,
But carry'd on in heav'n.

3 The hoſts of ſpirits, now with thee,
Eternal anthems ſing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

4 Had we our tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like their's our ſongs ſhould riſe;
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the ſacrifice.

5 Till we this veil of fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praiſe.

HYMN

HYMN CCXIII.

Privileges of God's Children.

1 BLESSED are the ſons of God,
They are bought with CHRIST's own blood;
They are ranſom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have:
All their ſins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in God's great day:
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity!

2 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteouſneſs;
They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heav'nly birth:
One with God, with JESUS one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

3 Tho' they ſuffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleaſures that can never cloy;
They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with CHRIST;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

HYMN CCXIV.

The love of Christ *constraineth us* 2 Cor. v. 14.

1 O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God!
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring!
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren, thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN

HYMN CCXV.

Adoring Christ.

1 O For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears;
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
May it avail for me!

4 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN CCXVI.

He that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, &c.
John iv, 16.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
JESUS! thou art all compaſſion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt:
Take away the love of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine hoſts above;
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finiſh

4 Finiſh then thy new creation,,
Pure, unſpotted may we be,
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee!
Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place,
'Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love and praiſe.

HYMN CCXVII.

Thankſgiving.

1 MEET and right it is to ſing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearſe his ſolemn praiſe.

2 Join, ye ſaints, the ſong around,
Angels, help the ſolemn ſound;
Publiſh thro' the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praiſes here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive;
Holy Father, ſov'reign Lord,
Every where be thou ador'd!

4 Tho' the injurious world exclaim,
Sing we ſtill in JESU's name;
Saviour, thee we ever bleſs,
Thee, our Lord and God confeſs.

HYMN CCXVIII.

Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing!
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raiſe mine EBEN-EZER,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home.
JESUS ſought me when a ſtranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and ſeal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN

HYMN CCXIX.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 CHildren of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed be glad!
CHRIST our advocate is made;
Us to ſave our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock and bleſt,
You on JESU's throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom, and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

HYMN

HYMN CCXX.

Adoring Chriſt.

1 BRethren, let us join to bleſs
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace;
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n!

2 Maſter, ſee! to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the bleſſed virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church, and head.

3 Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe, our Prieſt and King;
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou haſt the glad tidings brought,
Of ſalvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worſhip in their company.

5 We thy little flock adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore!
Ever with us ſhew thy love;
'Till we join with thoſe above!

HYMN CCXXI.

The Chriſtian's Expectation.

1 GOD of all conſolation, take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

2 Not unto us, but thee, O Lord,
Glory to thee be giv'n,
For ev'ry gracious thought and word,
That brings us nearer heav'n.

3 Him eye to eye there may we ſee,
Like his, our faces ſhine;
O what a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head!

5 Then let us earneſtly contend,
And fight our paſſage thro';
Bear in our mind the glorious end,
And keep the prize in view.

6 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
Lord JESU, quickly come!

HYMN

HYMN CCXXII.

Rejoice evermore.

1 REJOICE evermore
With angels above,
In JESUS's pow'r,
In JESUS's love;
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To God, and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble haſt been,
Haſt ſav'd us from grief,
Haſt ſav'd us from ſin;
The pow'r of thy Spirit
Can ſet our hearts free;
And we ſhall inherit
All fulneſs in Thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace,
All fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs
That never can cloy,
To us it is given
In JESUS to know,
A kingdom of heaven,
A heaven below.

4 No longer we join
Where ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine
Their brutiſh delight;
Their joy is all ſadneſs,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs,
Their pleaſure is pain.

5 O may they at laſt
With ſorrow return,
The pleaſure to taſte,
For which they were born!
Our JESUS receiving,
Our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love.

HYMN CCXXIII.

Chriſtian Love.

1 LET party names no more
The chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in CHRIST their Head.

2 Among the ſaints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN CCXXIV.

True Happineſs.

1 HOW happy is the Chriſtian's ſtate!
His ſins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Tho' in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the penſive ſigh;
Yet, truſting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If,

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring ſteps,
He feels the chaſt'ning rod;
The gentle ſtroke ſhall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome meſſage comes
To call his ſoul away;
His ſoul, in raptures, ſhall aſcend
To everlaſting day.

HYMN CCXXV.

Lord's Day Morning.

1 TO-DAY God bids the faithful reſt,
To day he ſhow'rs his grace:
"Seek ye my face," the Lord hath ſaid;
Lord, we will ſeek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With God's aſſembly join;
Lo! heav'n deſcends to welcome man,
To taſte the things divine!

3 We come, dear Saviour, lo! we come,
Lord of our life and ſoul;
We come diſeas'd, and faint, and ſick,
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4 We thirſt, and fly to thee O Lord,
Thou fountain-head of good;
Filthy we come, and all unclean,
O cleanſe us in thy blood.

5 O may we pleaſe our God to-day,
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, leſt evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.

6 Amidſt th' aſſembly of thy ſaints
Let us be faithful found;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praiſe abound.

7 Let thy good Spirit help our ſouls,
With faith thy word to hear;
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find thee near.

HYMN CCXXVI.

For New Year's Day.

1 AND now my ſoul, another year
Of thy ſhort life is paſt:
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my ſoul, with utmoſt care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new ſcene of time begins,
Set out afreſh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former ſins,
In CHRIST ſo freely giv'n.

5 Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN CCXXVII.

Eaſter Day.

1 "CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,"
Sons of men and angels ſay!
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
CHRIST hath burſt the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave,
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Our's the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the reſurrection—thou!

7 King of glory! ſoul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this—
Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

The Nativity. C W

1 HARK! the herald angels ſing,
Glory to the new born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.
Joyful all ye nations riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies,
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"CHRIST is born in BETHLEHEM."

2 CHRIST, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offſpring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man, with men t' appear,
JESUS, our IMMANUEL here.

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace,
Hail the Sun of righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give the ſecond birth.

4 Come, deſire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conqu'ring ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head:
ADAM's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second ADAM from above,
Re-inſtate us in thy love.

HYMN CCXXIX.

THE SAME.

1 COME, thou long expected JESUS!
Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
Let us find our reſt in thee!
ISRAEL's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear deſire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN

HYMN CCXXX. C W

On the Death of a Believer.

1 'TIS finish'd, 'tis done!
The spirit is fled,
The pris'ner is gone,
The Christian is dead:
The Christian is living
Thro' JESUS's love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise
Is JESUS's due;
Supported by grace,
He fought his way thro':
Triumphantly glorious,
Thro' JESUS's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er sin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord,
With shoutings proclaim:
Who trust in his passion,
And follow our Head,
To certain salvation
We all shall be led.

4 O JESUS lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteouſneſs there;
Where, dazzled with glory,
The ſeraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee
In ſilence of praiſe.

5 Come, Lord, and diſplay
Thy ſign in the ſky,
And bear us away
To manſions on high:
The kingdom be given,
The purchaſe divine,
And crown us in heaven
Eternally thine.

HYMN CCXXXI.

The Second coming of Chriſt.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

2 From

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the Almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face,
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks
The Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the moſt high:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns,
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, and for
ever reigns.

5 The Father praiſe, the Son adore,
The Spirit bleſs for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great Three in one,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome the great Three in One.

HYMN CCXXXII.

JUDGEMENT.

1 LO! he cometh, countleſs trumpets
Blow before the bloody ſign;
'Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels,
See the crucified ſhine.
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, aſhamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of man.

3 Saints who love him, view his glory
Shining in his bruiſed face,
His dear perſon on the rainbow,
Now his people's head ſhall raiſe:
Happy mourners,
Lo! in clouds he comes! he comes!

4 Now

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn pomp appear;
All his people once rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

5 View him ſmiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry evil to deſtroy;
All the nations now ſhall ſing him
Songs of everlaſting joy:
O come quickly;
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

The Jubilee.

Lev. xxv. *compared with* Iſa. lxi. 2.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Exalt

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The all atoning Lamb;
Redemption thro' his blood
To all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

3 Ye, who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above;
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of JESU's love.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

4 The goſpel trumpet ſounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remoteſt bounds
Before the throne appear.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

DOXOLOGIES.

I. *C. M.*

TO praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

II. *S. M.*

Let God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the ſame,
And God the Comforter.

III. *L. M.*

Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

IV.

Sing we to our God above
Praiſe eternal as his love;
Praiſe him, all ye heav'nly hoſt,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

AP-

APPENDIX.

HYMN I.

C Wesley

Light in Darkneſs. Iſa. ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling
Borders on the ſhades of death,
Come, and, by thy love's revealing,
Diſſipate the clouds beneath!
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe!
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-ſight on our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chaſing all our fears, and chearing
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come and manifeſt the favour
God hath for our ranſom'd race;
Come, thou univerſal Saviour,
Come, and bring thy Goſpel-Grace!

3 Save us in thy great compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific prince!
Give the knowledge of ſalvation,
Give the pardon of our ſins!
By thine all-reſtoring merit,
Ev'ry burthen'd ſoul releaſe;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring ſpirit
Guide into thy perfect peace!

HYMN II.

C. Wesley

Comfort in Temptation.

1 JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee;
Leave ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me!

All

All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind.
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs!
Vile, and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace!

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity!

HYMN III.

The Way to Canaan.

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment,
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd, becauſe I found it not,
My grief a burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd, and ſtumbl'd but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
Come hither, ſoul, "*I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "*Behold the way to God*"

HYMN IV.

Praiſe to Chriſt.

1 OUR Shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bleſs,
Who ſits on the throne,
The prince of our peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our Lord, and our God!

2 We daily will ſing
Thy merits and praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring
Of pity and grace!
Thy kindneſs for ever
To men we will tell,
And ſay, "Our dear Saviour
"Redeems us from hell."

3 Preſerve us in love,
While here we abide,
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious ſalvation,
Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion
Compleated in thee!

HYMN

HYMN V.

The abounding Compaſſion of God. Pſ. ciii.

1 MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name
Is ſuch as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find
The word of promiſe ſure.

6 My ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

HYMN VI.

Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds, in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2 When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies;
Ev'n then ſhall this be all my plea,
JESUS hath *liv'd* hath *dy'd* for me."

3 Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' theſe abſolv'd I am
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

4 Thus ABRAHAM, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
JESUS, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!

AN

AN

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OF THE

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